

COLLEGE

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.

ALUMN ASSN UNIVER
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DO NOT TAKE FROM MORN ROOM.



In this number, "HIS WIFE," see page 16



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THREE is a great deal of satisfaction in having a stylish, comfortable, shape-retaining Outing Suit that you know will last the season through and look well every minute of the time. Both of these garments—single-breasted and double-breasted—are skeleton lined and well made of specially woven fabrics in various shades and patterns—most of them exclusive—which have been selected because of their adaptability for a dressy hot-weather suit.

In practically every city and town where there is a good clothier—a particular merchant—you'll be able to secure Kuppenheimer Clothes. We shall be pleased to send you a book of authoritative styles for men, merely for the asking.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON

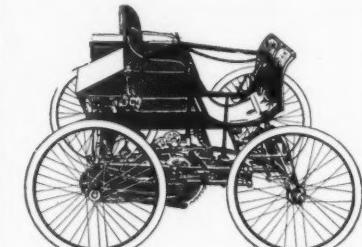
The STORY of the HAYNES

THIRTEEN years have passed since Elwood Haynes began to work on the theory that "Horseless carriage" could be propelled satisfactorily by a gas engine.

The result in 1893 was the first American gasoline automobile.

As pictured here, it shows small resemblance to the well-known cars that bear the Haynes name for 1907, but it contains elements of design that are now standard, and to this antiquated vehicle every modern automobile is, in some respect, in debt. With this car, (now in the Smithsonian Institute Museum) Elwood Haynes proved his theory—the car would run—and it will run to-day. It has taken time to develop the automobile. Haynes had a long start and the original leadership has never been lost.

The Haynes factory was the first automobile factory to be built in America. Low tension



The Haynes of 1893

make-and-break ignition originated in the Haynes models of 1895. The Haynes began the march of improvements in materials by introducing nickel steel. Aluminum alloy for bodies and for engine parts was used first in the Haynes. The Haynes were the first cars to be equipped with large wheels. The side-entrance body was a Haynes introduction. In a multitude of details the Haynes has been universally imitated. There

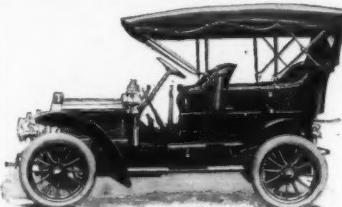
is no doubt but that the Haynes has been more copied from than any other car.

To-day in their simplicity, reliability and perfection, the Haynes models are still ahead of their rivals, embodying devices that will be imitated in other cars in later years.



Model T. 50 H. P. Seats 7. \$3,500

The Vanderbilt Elimination Race proved Haynes quality when a regular stock model—the only stock model entered—won its place on the American Team against the best special designs America could produce. In the final Cup Race, against special racing cars of twice its horse-power, its wonderful showing is too well known to need repeating.



Model S. 30 H. P. \$2,500

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE CO.

KOKOMO, IND.

Address Desk U 3

Oldest Automobile Manufacturers in America

Members A. L. A. M.

NEW YORK, 1715 Broadway
CHICAGO, 1420 Michigan Ave.



Pope-Hartford Model L Price \$2750

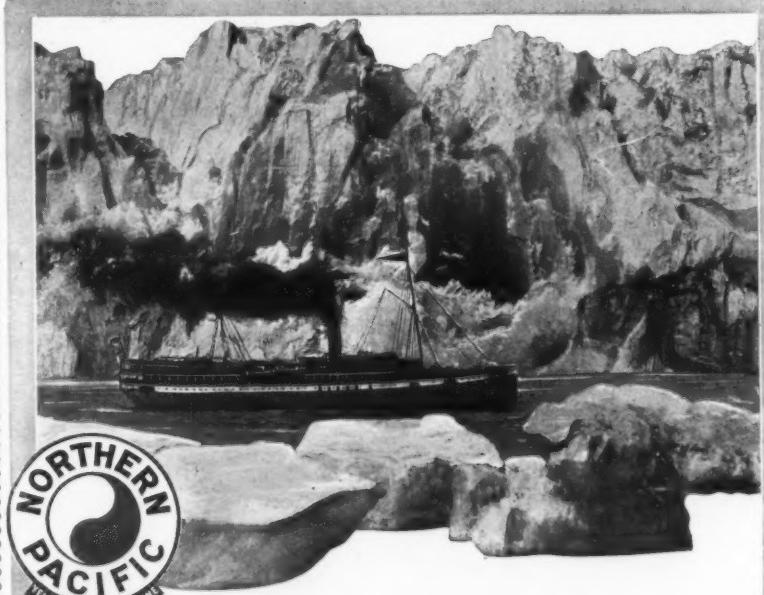
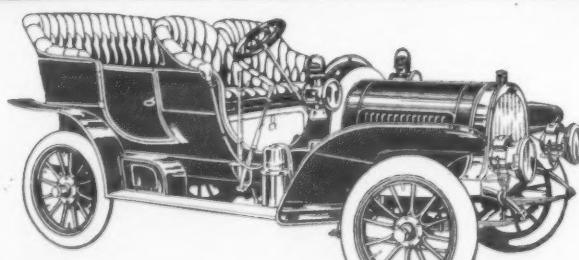
NOTHING to compare with it at anything like the price. No car made, at any price, will do more. No car in the world, selling for less than \$3,500 will do as much. We don't ask you to accept this statement on our own bare assertion. We want you to compare and investigate. When you have been shown what "the other car" will do, then ask us to do the same "stunts" with the Pope-Hartford. We will prove that we can do them easily and we'll prove more. We will show you we can go on the level faster, up the hills faster; that the Pope-Hartford is a more comfortable car, a more reliable car, easier to control, and lighter on tires and up-keeps.

MAGNETO IGNITION

Be sure the car you buy has provision for a magneto. It is impossible to use one unless provision is made for it. THIS IS OVERLOOKED ON A GREAT MANY 1907 CARS. The Pope-Hartford, Model L, has this provision, giving a dual system consisting of an Eisemann High-Tension Magneto combined with an Eisemann-Carpenter coil, permitting the use of the magneto or storage batteries by simply throwing the switch from one to the other.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers



The Glaciers

OF ALASKA are stupendous and grand.—The Alaskan Indians with their Totem poles and Basquetry are intensely interesting.

THE ALASKAN TOUR IS EDUCATIONAL

\$50	ROUND TRIP Coast Rate from St. Paul and Minneapolis	DAILY JUNE 20th to JULY 12th
\$60		DAILY JUNE 1st to SEPT. 15th

Enables you to see ALASKA at a small expenditure during 1907, stopping en route at

Yellowstone Park

Send Six Cents for "Wonderland 1906".

A. M. CLELAND, G. P. A.
Saint Paul, Minn.

Prudential Liberality Again Displayed

The Most Important Voluntary Benefit Ever Granted

By The Prudential is now Announced

All Industrial Policies now in Force under which the Insured have attained age 75, or under which the Insured may attain age 75 during 1907, will be made Free or Paid-up Policies and the

Further Payment of Premiums Will Not Be Required

after the Insured has reached the said age.

The Business of The Prudential is so large that, should the present plan be continued, it is estimated that the cost of this concession alone, in ten years, would be over

Three and One-Quarter Million Dollars

For years it has been the practice of The Prudential to add to the benefits already accorded to those who insure with us, giving Policyholders more than their Contracts called for when experience demonstrates that we can safely do so.

These VOLUNTARY CONCESSIONS TO POLICYHOLDERS already aggregate more than

EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS

and every year adds to this amount



THE
PRUDENTIAL
HAS THE
STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR

The Company which deals with Policyholders in this spirit of Liberality and fairness, combined with absolute Financial security, is the Company you should insure in.

John T. Dryden
President.

Write To-day for Information showing what One Dollar a Week invested in Life Insurance Will Do.
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The Prudential
INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA

Home Office, Newark, N. J.

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

\$2.50 per line, less 5% for cash with order. Minimum four lines, maximum twelve lines

NO ADVERTISER WHOSE HONESTY THE PUBLISHERS HAVE THE LEAST REASON TO DOUBT WILL BE ALLOWED IN THESE COLUMNS.
SHOULD, HOWEVER, OUR READERS DISCOVER ANY MISREPRESENTATION, A PROMPT REPORT THEREOF WILL BE APPRECIATED

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1907

AUTOMOBILES and SUNDRIES

ENERGINE IS A WONDERFUL FUEL as compared with gasoline. It increases mileage from 40 to 70; gives more speed and power; is absolutely uniform; leaves no carbon deposit; gives no odor to the exhaust; is more efficient than gasoline and costs but \$14.64 for a 54 gallon drum, with refund of \$6.00 upon return of the package. Give it a trial. The Energene Co., 666 Cuyahoga Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

"AUTOMOBILE COMFORT"—that's a booklet that will put you in touch with one of the greatest of inventions for your automobile—the "Rough Riders" Spring Cushion does away with all rough riding—makes you enjoy yourself. Write today for "Automobile Comfort." The Tweedy-Randolph Co., Gen. Agents, 2010 Fisher Bldg., Chicago.

FORTY HIGH GRADE SECOND HAND AUTOMOBILES FOR SALE. Steam, electric and gasoline; full list on application; prices ranging from \$200 up. James Plew, 240 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SUPPLEMENTARY SPIRAL SPRINGS make automobiling a luxury. Don't be a nervous wreck after a long ride. Sixteen-page booklet free. Attached by any handy man. The Graham Co., 911 Downing Bldg., N. Y. City.

FOR THE HOME

CLEAN RUGS AND CARPETS ON THE FLOOR, with our Magic Rug Cleaner. Sprinkle a few drops on and sweep. Takes out all dust, dirt, grease and germs. Brightens and beautifies the colors, lengthens the life of all floor fabrics by preserving the fibre. So easy, so cleanly, so economical, that one trial will absolutely force you to use it regularly, instead of heating the life out of your rugs and carpets. Sanitary, antiseptic. Full quart bottle 75c. prepaid. Pays for itself in one application. Money back if not as represented. Rosewig & Co., Importers, 744-776 Montgomery Street, Jersey City, N. J.

"FROZEN SWEETS" by Mrs. S. T. Rorer gives the newer recipes for ice creams and other frozen desserts. Also how to make two kinds of ice cream in one freezer at the same time. Address postal to North Bros. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

OLD CHAIRS MADE NEW with the Universal chair seat. You put them on. Artistic—all tints. Strong, yet trimmed with scissors. Hammer and scissors only tools needed. All dealers 20 to 40c. Folder free. Eureka Chair Seat Co., 138 Washington St., Syracuse, N. Y.

"MAGICLEAN" CREAM. The wonderful cleaner and polish for pianos, furniture, hardwood floors, etc. Large can, 25c. (silver), postpaid. Sample for 2c. stamp. Lady agents wanted. Sterling S. Polish Co., Sterling, Ill.

47 RATS IN ONE NIGHT caught by David Gardner, No. Pownal, Vt. Only the Henri Marti trap will do this. Take no other. Send for circular if not found at dealer's. Burditt & Williams Co., Boston, Mass.

ARCHITECTS, BUILDING MATERIALS

BEFORE YOU BUILD, REPAIR OR BUY A HOUSE, read our free Roof Book—gives all the facts about all the roofs. The life of your building depends on the roof. Write for it. Genuine Bangor Slate Co., Clover Bldg., Easton, Pa.

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OPPORTUNITIES IN A NEW COUNTRY. Leaflet descriptive of the country along the Pacific Coast extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Unusual openings are offered in South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Washington, in farming, stock-raising and mercantile business. Leaflet free on request. F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, or W. S. Howell, General Eastern Agent, 391 Broadway, New York City.

SHARON Lots, \$5 each; covered with large shade trees, short walk from famous Lake Massapequa; 15 miles from Boston. Title warranted, no incumbrances, every lot high and dry. Carlson & Porter, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

BUY NEW YORK CITY LOTS, AT LIBERTY HEIGHTS, before Subways open. The small investment opportunity to share the profits of New York City's rapid growth. Elevated and Surface lines now with 5c. fare to City Hall; \$450 and upwards; 10% down and 15% monthly or discount for cash; cement sidewalks and curbs, trees, water, gas and electricity. Title guaranteed. Banks references. Maps and Booklets. Baatress, Vought & Co., 350 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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CANOES with "Old Town Canoe" Name Plate are light, strong, speedy, graceful, handsome in finish and lines. Quality and correctness of models guaranteed. Free illustrated catalogue on request. Agencies all large cities. Old Town Canoe Co., 75 Middle St., Old Town, Me.

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AUGUSTA HOTEL, Hampton, Va. Headquarters for Exposition visitors. Opposite grounds. Reached by a delightful boat-ride through the fleets. Reasonable rates, excellent service. First class cuisine. Near Old Point.

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TRAVELING Auditor, \$1300; Salesman, \$1000 and expenses; Superintendent, \$2000; Railroad Stenographer, \$900; Teacher, \$1000; other positions open in all high grade lines. Hapgoods, 305-307 Broadway, New York.

WANTED. High class traveling salesmen for each state, one capable of closing big deals with banks and newspapers. Commission basis. We have \$600,000 per month. SuperiorBankCo., ClAuditoriumBldg., Chicago.

SALESMEN WITH EXCEPTIONAL ABILITY. No beginners and no canvassers wanted. Several of our men are averaging over \$1000 a month. Give references. John B. Duryea, 1447 New York Building, Seattle, Wash.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS. We teach you by mail. You can earn \$25 to \$100 per week. Hand-some prospects sent free upon request. Write to us now Page-Davis Co., Dept. 119, 90 Wahab Ave., Chicago.

\$100 PER MONTH and traveling expenses paid by an old established house for salesmen to sell goods to dealers. Experience unnecessary. New plan, rapid selling line. Purity B. S. Co., Chicago, Ill.

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RELIANCE Wrappers, House Dresses, Kimonos, Dressing Sacques and Wash Suits are famous the continent over for sterling worth, style, neatness, gentility and perfect fitting qualities. Send for illustrated catalogue. R. E. Lowe & Sons, 430 Henry St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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SEWING MACHINE SUPPLIES. Needles, shuttles, parts and parts for any machine ever manufactured. Needles 25c. per dozen. Don't throw machine away. Write us your wants. C. F. Maltby, Little Falls, N. Y.

WHO IS THE LADY WANTING A BEAUTIFUL PAIR OF BRASS CANDLESTICKS? Will she write us? We will do the rest. The Rostand Mfg. Co., Milford, Conn.

FINE WHITE 40 INCH SHEER LAWN, seven yards mailed prepaid on receipt of \$1.00. Send 2c. stamp for sample, also beautiful sheer Mercerized 45 inch lawn for graduation gowns. Panmure Co., 50 Franklin St., N. Y.

FAIRY BUST FORMS make graceful figures. Sold at all corsets departments, 50c. and up. Our Trade Mark Fairy on all genuine goods. Wright & Co., 395 Broadway, New York.

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\$5.75 PAID FOR RARE 1853 QUARTERS. Keep all money coined before 1875 and send 10 cents at once for a set of 2 coin and stamp value books. It may mean a fortune to you. Address C. F. Clarke & Co., Dept. S1, LeRoy, N. Y.

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FIRE CHIEF, latest chemical extinguisher. Oil and gas fires especially. Instantaneous and without acids. Big commissions, exclusive territory to good men. Appliance Co., 805 Spitzer, Toledo, Ohio.

A FEW MEN OF EDUCATION to represent well known house on high class soliciting proposition. No books or schemes. U. & U., H. T. Dept., 3 West 19th St., New York.

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LADY OR GENTLEMAN of fair education to travel for firm of \$250,000 capital. \$1,072 per year, payable weekly. Expenses advanced. George G. Cloves, Dept. C., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS. Portraits 35c, frames 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c, 30 days' credit. Samples and Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290-152 W. Adams St., Chicago.

SOAP AGENTS making \$50 weekly selling our wonderful \$1.50 Soap and Toilet Article Combinations with valuable Premiums for 35c. Crew Managers wanted. Buy direct from manufacturer. Profitable working work for salesmen. Davis Soap Works, 22 Union Park Ct., Chicago.

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TO SEE IT IS TO BUY IT. We want agents everywhere to handle our up-to-date faucet filters; sell at sight; exclusive territory; easy to carry; big profits; free sample fibre disk. Jones Filter Co., 243-A Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

LADY AGENTS wanted to introduce high grade embroidery and shirtwaists. Original selling plans free samples; liberal terms. Splendid opportunity. Address Young & Young Embroidery Co., Box 5, Ottawa, Kansas.

AGENTS MAKE 500% PROFIT selling "Novelty Signs," Window Letters and Changeable Signs. Merchants buy 10 to 100 on Sight. 800 varieties. Catalogue free. Sullivan Co., Dept. G., 405 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

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YOUR VIOLIN, mandolin, banjo and guitar will give its richest tone only when strung with Black Diamond steel, wound gut and silk strings. Made by a new process. Handled by leading dealers, and used exclusively by prominent artists. Heermann, the great violinist, writes that after using them in forty concerts in Australia, he found each string to retain its full tone for two months. Most carefully made from the finest, selected material by the world's largest makers of strings. Pure in tone, responsive and brilliant. Apply to your dealer or send us 60 cents for a trial mandolin set, or \$1.50 for a pure silver violin. G. National Musical String Co., New Brunswick, N. J.

WATCHES ON CREDIT—CUT PRICES. 15 jewel, \$13; 21 jewel Railroad, \$20; 7 jewel Ladies' Elgin, \$12. 20 year cases. Others proportionately. Satisfaction guaranteed. Price list free. Berlin Co., Birmingham, Ala.

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FANCY PHEASANTS, all varieties. Ornamental water fowl: Flamingoes, Cranes, Storks, Swans, Geese, Ducks. Live Game Birds, etc. Write for price list. Wenz & Mackensen, Yardley, Pa.; Agts for J. M. Mohr, Jr., Germany.

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SANITARY AND DUSTLESS HOUSE CLEANING. For Sale—Portable Compressed Air House Cleaning Wagons and Machinery sold to responsible parties to operate in Cities of from 5,000 inhabitants upwards. Each Portable Cleaning Plant has an earning capacity of from \$50 to \$100 per day, at a cost of about \$8 per day. Capital required from \$2,000 upwards. Stationary Residential Plants from \$450 upwards. Over 100 companies operating our system. We are the pioneers in the business, and will prosecute all infringers. State references. Address General Compressed Air H. C. Co., 4400 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

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EXCLUSIVELY AGENTS given for "Klinglite" Germ Proof Aluminum Faucet Filters and "Klinglite" Bath Sprays. Quick sellers. Money makers. Excellent side line. James Manufacturing Co., O'Brien Bldg., Cleveland, O.

HOW TO FINANCE A BUSINESS ENTERPRISE clearly shown by the Brokers' and Promoters' Handbook. An interesting and valuable booklet mailed free. The Business Development Co., 112 Nassau St., New York City.

LIVE, ACTIVE MEN AND WOMEN wanted to handle our new telephone specialties. We offer a straight business proposition, exclusive territory, 100% profits. Hearwell Company, 220 Odd Fellows Temple, Philadelphia, Pa.

BECOME A BROKER! Larger returns than from any other line of business. I will teach you without charge and you can make money while learning. Write at once. Frank E. Baldwin, P. O. Box 3038, Boston, Mass.

DON'T BE HARD UP. You can make large profits making mirrors. The work comes to you. No big money or tools required. Start at once. Success guaranteed. Particulars for stamp. Macmasters, D 201, Peru, Ind.

FINANCIAL

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TEN PER CENT. We have combined, by means of a holding company, two Western electric properties and are selling a small amount of 10% preferred stock. The properties are now earning net profits of three times the preferred dividends. Write to J. A. Arbogast, Akron, O.

INCORPORATE your business. Charters procured. 1,600 charters prepared for my clients. Write for incorporation laws and forms, free, to former Ass't Secretary of State, Phillip C. Lawrence, Huron, South Dakota.

SUCCESS IN THE STOCK MARKET. Our book gives details. A copy will be mailed free of charge if you will write to John A. Boardman & Co., Stock Brokers, 53 Broadway, New York.

EIGHT PER CENT MORTGAGES secured by first class City Property and Farm Lands. We guarantee to place Loan satisfactorily within thirty days. Write The Inland Bank of Spokane (Incorporated), Spokane, Wash.

INCORPORATE UNDER ARIZONA LAWS. The laws of Arizona are the most liberal in existence. Send for complete data, copy of laws and blanks. No charge. The Akers Incorporating Trust Co., Phoenix, Arizona.

ASK OUR REPRESENTATIVES!—any one of the many—about the assistance and the co-operation that our system extends to them and why they are so successful in placing securities with the investing public. We desire a representative in every community. Request information at Old South Building, Seventh Floor, Boston, Mass., The Hammitt Investment Corporation.

SOUVENIR POST CARDS

SOUVENIR POST CARDS. 10 beautiful colored historical views of Boston, all different, and our club plan, 10c. Members receive cards from all over the world for exchange. You will be delighted. Ideal Co., Dept. 75, Dorchester, Mass.

YOUNG PEOPLE WANTED in every city and town to sell post cards. Start you in business with stock and outfit. No money required, 2c. stamp for sample and particulars. Puritan Post Card Co., 170 Sumner St., Boston.

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION POST CARDS. Send 25c. (silver) for set of 18 beautiful colored views of Exposition buildings and grounds. Ideal Novelty Co., 239 Main St., Norfolk, Va.

HIGH GRADE SALESMAN to carry our Souvenir Postals on Big Margins. Note our prices. Comics or telegram cards 100 at 60c.; 1,000 at \$5.00. Art cards 100 at \$1.00; 1,000 at \$8.00. Leather cards, hand painted, and many other catching novelties. Write for special proposition. Booth Wallace Co., 90 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

POST CARD COLLECTORS. Our members can exchange cards with thousands of other members all over the world. Membership, outfit, cards, exchanges' list, your name in next list for 25 cents. Post Card Union of America, 1002 Arch, Philadelphia.

FOR VACATIONS

FOR OUTDOOR SPORTS AND PLEASURES. 12 styles, Best Lenses, \$5.00 to \$28.50. Special glasses for bird study, mariners and travelers. Best lenses. Write for illustrated booklet C. Globe Optical Company, Boston, Mass.

**With
GOOD YEAR
UNIVERSAL RIMS
YOU NEED
NO
TOOLS**

Just Use Your Fingers

You don't have to carry a small-sized machine shop in your car if it is equipped with

GOOD YEAR

Universal Rims

All other Detachable Rims require Special Tools, which, if lost, make it impossible to remove the tire. The fact that Goodyear Universal Rims do not require any Special Tools to remove the tire, is important to you because—all Clincher and Detachable Tires that are now applied to detachable rims are made with inextensible bases. This means that they cannot be pried over the rim like the old-style clincher tire which was made with an extensible base and proved to be impracticable.

It's evident what a fix the users of all other than Goodyear Universal Rims get into when the Special Tool is lost or misplaced, because the Special Tool is necessary to remove the tire.

The Goodyear Universal is not only the **oldest** removable endless flange rim on the market but was "there to stay" eighteen months before any other rim with removable endless flanges was made. During our experiments we discarded dozens of impracticable devices which we tried out—found useless and not worth patenting. We are convinced that the "Ideal Rim" cannot be constructed with bolts and turn-buckles. Such devices quickly become bent and badly rusted. They cause more trouble than the old-time clincher style. Detachable Rims which require the Special Tools are this sort.

The only Detachable Rim **not** of this sort—the only rim which can and does give absolute satisfaction is the Goodyear Universal Rim, because we have patented every vital feature which makes a rim safe and dependable. To remove the tire from the Goodyear Universal Rim, just use the fingers—

THEY'RE TOOLS ENOUGH

Simply take off the Valve Cap, remove the Rim Nut, push the Valve Stem up into the tire, pull off the Locking Rim—then the outer flange. Then slide off the tire—time 30 seconds. Simple, isn't it? Write for booklet, "How to Select an Auto-Tire."

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Erie Street, AKRON, OHIO

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1907

"HIS WIFE" Cover Design	Drawn by F. X. Leyendecker
THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS Full-Page in Color by Maxfield Parrish VIII.—The King of the Black Isles	8
EDITORIALS	9
WHO RULES NEW YORK?	Cartoon by E. W. Kemble 12
THE COASTERS OF WEST AFRICA	Richard Harding Davis 13
HIS WIFE. Story. Illustrated in Color by A. I. Keller	Stephen French Whitman 16
Winner of \$1,000 Prize in Collier's Quarterly Contest September to December, 1906	
GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS.—I. Illustrated in Color by F. Strothmann	Wallace Irwin 18
"THE THUNDERER"	Cartoon in Color by "Cir." 20
THE MOYER-HAYWOOD CASE.—II. Illustrated with Photographs	C. P. Connolly 21
WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING. Illustrated with Sketches by F. T. Richards	23

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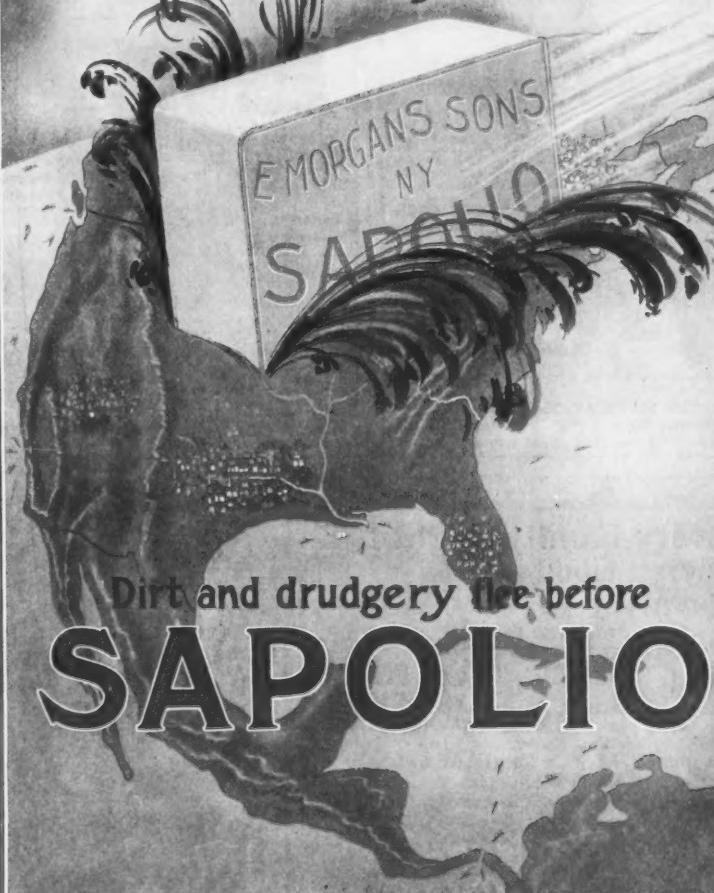
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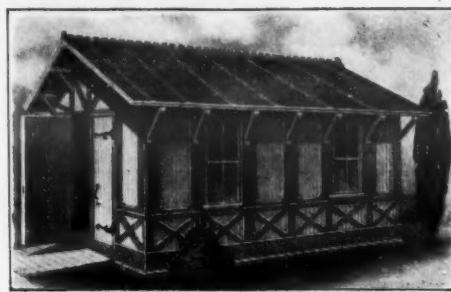
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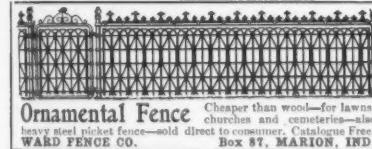
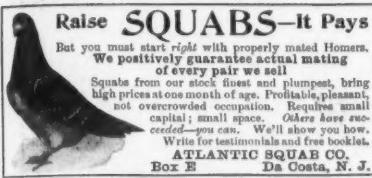
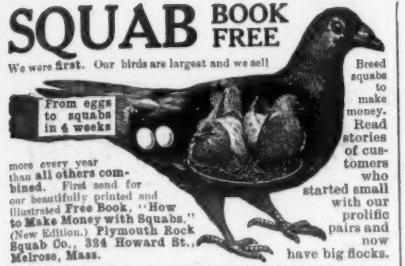
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In ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1907

A Story by Jack London

Next week Collier's will publish Jack London's story "A Day's Lodging," with illustrations by F. E. Schoonover. It is a Yukon story, and it explains what puzzled "Shorty." ". . . Didn't I see with my own eyes the bottom of the water-hole? It was yellow with gold like a mustard-plaster. That's why I staked the Yukon for a minin' claim. That's what made the stampede. An' then there was nothin' to it." But there was more "to it" than "Shorty" suspected—the frank story of the struggle of two civilized men over a woman in a deserted cabin. Following Jack London's story of the North will appear one of the best of the stories that Richard Washburn Child has contributed. It is called "They Was Women." Readers will like Harrison Rhodes's next story, "The Ultimate Chic," which will appear in one of the June issues.

Relabeling Drugs

What effect has the new Pure Food and Drugs Act had on the outside appearance of the bottles of slush that are sold to patent-medicine drinkers? Samuel Hopkins Adams has investigated the workings of the medicine makers' minds and consciences. Some ingenious ways of avoiding the spirit, while conforming to the letter, of the relabeling requirements have been discovered. His article will be printed soon; in later articles he will touch on other new phases of the old patent-medicine fraud game.

Indiana Politics

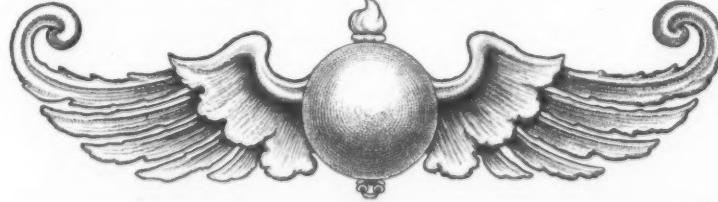
There was a time, of course, when the man who is now working hardest for the next Republican Presidential nomination was obscure. The story of how Charles Warren Fairbanks became an important, and then a directing, factor in the politics of his home State is interesting. As told in the first of Gilson Gardner's two articles on Fairbanks, it will throw light on the methods that this great worker who will not be discouraged is using to lay his wires. Angel or Machiavelli? Choose between "Cir.'s" conception and Mr. Gardner's story.

The Congo "Free" State

The second of Richard Harding Davis's articles on Africa has arrived and will follow "The Coasters." It is called, with obvious appropriateness, "My Brother's Keeper," and tells how King Leopold came to interest himself in the Congo, how he was made protector of the State by the Powers at the Berlin Conference in 1884, and how he has gradually arrogated to himself the title of owner of 20,000,000 people and an empire as big as all of Europe, omitting Spain only. Leopold is more like Pharaoh than a modern ruler. The old negro hymn, in which the Lord commands Pharaoh to "let my people go," is likely to become popular along the Congo some day.

The Idaho Trial

For some time Boise will be a centre of interest in the full sense of that hackneyed phrase. The trial of Moyer, Haywood, Pettibone, and Simpkins is now on. While excited labor organizations are marching and singing to testify to their belief in the innocence of the defendants, Mr. Connolly is digging at the facts, trying to get to the bottom of this very dramatic case. This week's article will be followed by others dealing with the trial. Socialists say that even if the "truth" is brought out at the trial, the newspapers, which they are pleased to call "the capitalistic press," will not print it. Collier's can only speak for itself in denying that it is under the domination of any one class, or that it means to suppress the truth.



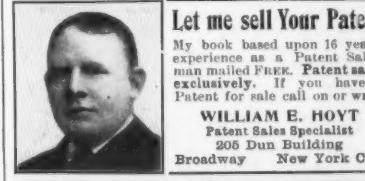
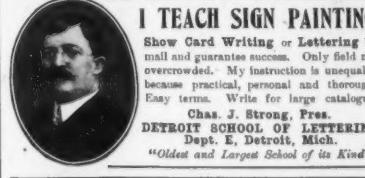
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THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

VIII—THE KING OF THE BLACK ISLES. PAINTED BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

A certain Oriental potentate, walking in a hilly part of the country, came to a large palace, which he perceived to be built of black marble covered with bright steel. Finding no one about, the sultan began to wander at random through the palace's magnificent apartments, that were furnished in the costliest manner, though they seemed to be untenanted. At last he heard a plaintive wail, and going toward the voice found himself in a spacious hall, where a richly robed young man was sitting on a sort of throne. After saluting him, the visitor addressed a few questions to the young man, who, instead of answering, burst into bitter tears. Then the sultan lifted the young man's robe, and saw that he was of marble from the waist down. By means of his brother potentate's assistance the King of the Black Isles was released from the afflicting spell.



STATESMEN GET TOGETHER, here and there, and still, and frequently, and stand up for the eternal cinch against the public probity and thrift. In New York a bunch of parasitic ornaments of both the noble parties have succeeded in blocking the able and free-minded Governor, and as he is fortunately unwilling to play politics and use the club of patronage he will be unable to defeat the Republican and Democratic pie-eaters unless the people come actively **THE OLD GUARD** to his assistance. In Illinois even the patient, and perhaps over-patient, Governor finally decided the legislators were sitting too pat for longer sufferance, and gave them a straight assurance that they must do their obvious duty on passes, insurance, factory inspection, pure food, State funds, railroads, primaries, charities, and banking, or fight with him. It seems to be easier to elect an executive to represent the whole people than to get together a Legislature which does not look upon itself as responsible exclusively for the increase and protection of the private snap.

OUR FOOL TREATMENT of Canada is another illustration of what our legislators can accomplish. The Dominion has now made up her mind to treat us to as harsh laws as can be devised, and her decision is wise and right. For a quarter of a century she has waited patiently, while one President after another, and one Secretary of State after another, devised treaties intended for the mutual benefit of Canada and the United States. Every time the Senate, imagining itself **THE SAME** to exist for sequestering benefits desired by the well-intrenched, has protected its clients against the Administration and the people. Calmly, at length, Canadian leaders have seen that no fair measure of reciprocity could ever pass the Senate, and she has decided to do all in her power to stop trade with us, to develop it with England and her other colonies; to favor all Europe against the United States, to develop her own incalculable resources. We wish her well. Whatever harm our ass policy brings to us has been fully and painstakingly deserved.

TH E NEW YORK PRODUCE EXCHANGE has gone into the business of listing mining stocks, driven thereto, it is surmised, by the decrease of wheat speculation. Marvelous features of this industry strike us every day. We spoke with what sarcasm we were able to command of the fact that a Governor had joined a merry crew, with generosity so extreme that to the hungry public it offered \$5 shares for 50 cents. Now what does this cheerful band? It runs a big advertisement all over the United States and Canada, including this: **BUNCO JOYS** "COLLIER'S, The Great National Weekly, in its issue of May 4, says: 'Hon. JOHN SPARKS, Governor of Nevada, is President of a mining company so gifted in copper and gold that it gives five dollar shares for fifty cents. This is a certainty, not a mere speculation or gamble.'" Not ROBIN HOOD himself could be more *dégage*. The New York "American" carries an offer of an investment that should turn \$300 into \$3,000 in a year, with a steady income of \$1,600. It must be very easy for mining investors to be rich.

TH E FOLLOWING LETTER is one which it gave us pleasure to receive:

"To the Editor of COLLIER'S:

"SIR—I have read your issues of COLLIER'S WEEKLY of May 4 and May 11 with reference to 'The Porcupine Gold Mining Company.'

"I wish at the outset to say, in the matter of your reference to the Knickerbocker Trust Company, that the Trust Company had nothing to do

with the project except that it is registrar of the stock and, on my special request as an old depositor of the company, consented to receive, for the account and credit of myself, subscriptions which I was to procure. This is its sole identification with the project, directly or indirectly.

"The form of the advertisement when I saw it in print was so objectionable to me, as tending to create the wholly wrong impression that a meritorious enterprise might be classed among the 'get-rich-quick' concerns, that I canceled the advertisement, even before your criticism of it; and, so far as I now recall, there were but three or four insertions of it.

"Each one of the list of persons recited to be directors of this company has accepted the position of director. Any statement to the contrary is without foundation.

"I have endeavored with entire frankness to lay before you the facts which seem to justify, in my opinion, the estimate of the merits of the property set out in the advertisement; though doubtless you will continue to consider them extravagant. I, however, do not. But I am very solicitous, for the sake of myself and associates and the public as well, that a journal of your position carrying on a great work in the community should not regard this enterprise with which I am identified as without merit. At the same time, I repeat that I am willing to admit that the form of the advertisement, which, as I have stated, I was prompt to recognize as unfortunate, was such as might justify one, without further information, in classing it among the kind of projects which it is your praiseworthy aim to uncover and put an end to.

A FRANK STATEMENT
"Very truly yours,
C. D. KNAPP, Jr."

As we have explained before, we took no position with regard to the actual value of the mine, having no knowledge of it, and are decidedly pleased that our views about the methods of promotion seem justified to those whose interest is the most direct. Further, as to the Trust Company's attitude:

"NEW YORK, May 6, 1907

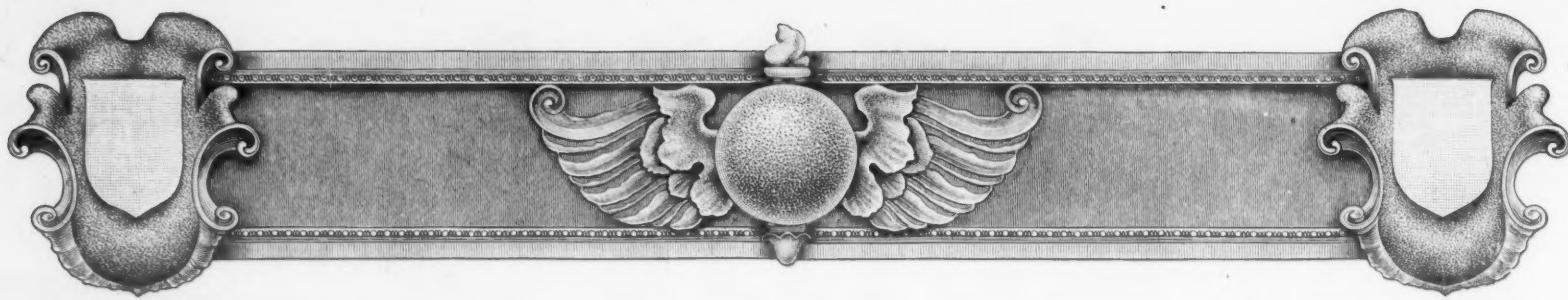
"To the Editor of COLLIER'S:

"Sir—In the matter of your editorial in your issue of May 4 with reference to a certain advertisement of 'The Porcupine Gold Mining Company,' we desire to say that the form of it was objectionable to the Trust Company, and it was promptly withdrawn when we directed attention to it.

"Yours very truly,
KNICKERBOCKER TRUST COMPANY,
"By C. T. BARNEY, President."

OUR ETERNAL FRIEND, the Irish playwright, the scorcher of others, the former critic, the gifted artist, and modern Barnum (G. BERNARD SHAW) is still at large. He says Mr. BRYCE is mistaken in declaring that the public is panting for better drama than playwrights now manufacture. G. B. says, on the contrary, that the public pants for **SOUND** piffle. Talking freely for a column or so, he observes later that only a great play pleases women. "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds." It is a kind of foolishness that never troubled SHAW. Obscurity is the only hobgoblin that would cause him to lie awake o' nights.

WH O WOULD DENY to the world outside of Indiana such serenity of thought, such lofty and patriotic sentiment, as this: ". . . Simultaneously it develops that the country is loath to follow the President longer at the swift pace to which he invites it . . . a subtle and unconscious psychological mood of the people at large to the effect that after a season of house-cleaning, necessary and wholesome as it is, the mind instinctively craves to sit down at peace in **INSIDE WIRES** the house and enjoy it . . ." And from such admirable premises is not the "Star's" conclusion unescapable?—"Doubtless this inevitable reaction in the public mind explains the growing tendency to turn to Vice-President FAIRBANKS as the man for 1908. . . . As the second officer on the ship of state through the stormy belt of radical legislation . . . he becomes in the thought of many the natural choice for command in the more quiet stretch of water on which our course appears



to lie." Strange the ways of the mole. Curious to follow the workings of a mind trained in deviousness, in indirection, in stealth. Would the Indianapolis "Star" be of service to him if he should let Indiana know of his carefully concealed ownership of \$200,000 of its bonds? Also that the other owner is D. G. REID, the railroad financier who, with LEEDS and the MOORE brothers, composes the "Rock Island crowd," and finally that MR. FAIRBANKS also owns the only other important exponent of public opinion in Indiana, the Indianapolis "News"?

THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA has resemblances to some politicians nearer home than Peking. She issues loud proclamations calling for reform, which she proceeds to block. Sir ROBERT HART, as head of the customs service, the only honest spot in Chinese administration, began the practise of appointing Chinese employees to higher grades, hitherto held only by foreigners. No one questioned the efficiency of the natives chosen. But, rules the Dowager, their promotion must be accompanied by the usual relative increase of court rank, to be had only by purchase from the throne and at such a price as to hypothecate the appointee's salary for years, unless he pay it by taking bribes, according to the immemorial Chinese custom for which she is so firm. Pressure may overcome the difficulty, but the situation indicates the uphill fight which those Chinese who have been educated abroad have in changing the habits of their fatherland.

AMBASSADOR BRYCE ASKED us sadly the other day where were our great American poets. We admitted with equal sadness that they were mostly dead. What chance is there for another poet to develop in the English-speaking world when Britain's Laureate is caroling things like this:

"Welcome, welcome, welcome, yet once more,
Welcome unto England's shore,
Faring hither from afar,
Welcome, Southern Cross and Star,
All of British birth and blood,
Linked by loving brotherhood?"

The above melodies were "specially written" by Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN for the banquet of the 1900 Club to the colonial Premiers in attendance on the Imperial Conference. There is more of it, too. Mr. AUSTIN produced the following passion also:

"One in heart, one in hand,
One in counsel and command,
Far as winds and waters reach,
One in purpose as in speech,
Facing fearless good or ill,
One but by unfettered will."

Although the Poet Laureate receives a tierce of Canary wine every year and ten dollars a week as regular wages, whether he is on his job or not, it seems likely from his love of the technique of repetition that he also has an allowance by the word.

TWENTY THOUSAND SOCIALISTS marched in New York and Chicago on May Day to express their unshaken faith in the innocence of MOYER, HAYWOOD, and PETTIBONE, on trial in Idaho for conspiracy to murder. Full twenty thousand representatives of the bloated capitalist class read of OPEN MINDS it in the newspapers next morning and expressed their unshaken conviction that MOYER, HAYWOOD, and PETTIBONE are as guilty as the cinders of purgatory. At that date the State of Idaho had not even secured a jury to try these men. Only the attorneys knew what evidence they had in their strong boxes. Mankind believes as it wishes to believe.

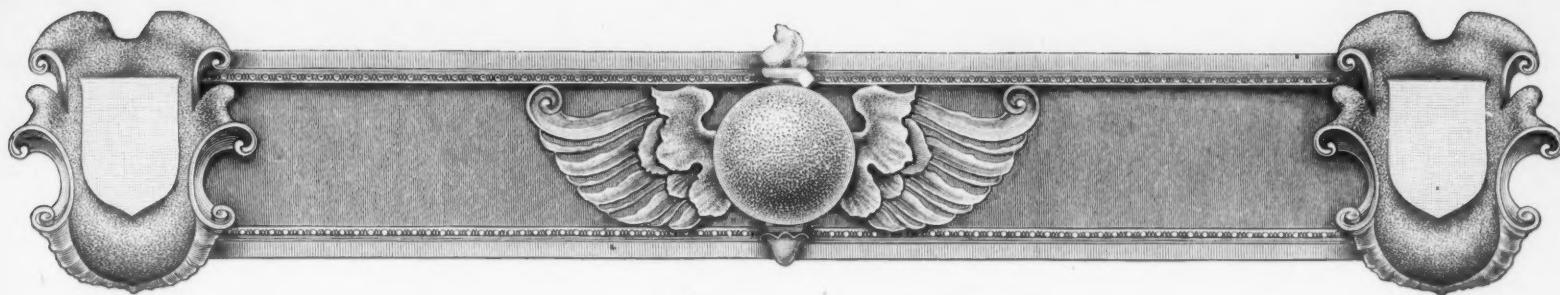
THE MOYER-HAYWOOD CASE goes far down into the roots of Western life. When the Rocky Mountain States passed from the pioneer age to the period of industrial development they inherited from old years two classes of "undesirable citizens." On the one hand were the bad men, the legitimate successors of SLADE, Billy the Kid, and their kind. These, when the period of highway robberies, saloon brawls, and cattle rustling were no more, settled down to mine and ranch labor, bringing with them their lawlessness and their love of trouble. On the other hand was

the reckless and conscienceless entrepreneur, the mine owner or mine buyer eager only to rip his pile out of the earth and hurry East to spend it. The fight between these two classes goes as far back as Leadville in 1880. In the Coeur d'Alene, in Butte, in Cripple Creek, it was the same old fight. This Moyer-Haywood case is only its most recent round. And whether these men are guilty or not guilty, the moral responsibility for this state of affairs in the Rockies hangs in balance between the two classes.

THIS FOR AN ANTIDOTE to the stories, only too frequently seen nowadays, of man-killing, child-crushing methods in business: A certain Hebrew philanthropist living in Philadelphia manufactures an antiseptic soap which is heavily advertised in America and England. His London manager tried to introduce it into the hospital trade, claiming for it the property of disinfecting operating rooms and infected bedding. To that end he had it put through searching laboratory tests. It stood them all. He advertised this fact adroitly and succeeded in placing big orders with the British HONESTY hospitals. "But will it work in practise?" asked the boss in Philadelphia. He got some infected sheets from a typhoid hospital, washed them thoroughly with a solution of his soap, and had them tested under the microscope. This test was unsatisfactory; it revealed living and militant typhoid bacilli. "Cancel orders and take no more trade on strength of British tests," he wired to his London manager. Only a matter of common honesty: only that; and that is much.

IN HIS NEW BOOK, consisting of reprinted newspaper correspondence about the Congo, Professor STARR comments on the striking change in American attitude toward that state, as shown between Secretary Root's letter, written about a year ago, explaining why we had no grounds for interference, and that of the President, so different in tone, a few months later, and he implies rather sharply that the popular excitement against Congo atrocities has been worked up for political purposes by Great Britain. England, he says, has never been satisfied with the foundation of the Congo Free State as an independent nation. If a division of it were brought about she could proceed with her Cape to Cairo railroad. Professor STARR thinks we have no excuse to interfere with the government of Belgium's King, unless we are prepared to resent also cruelty in OUR CONGO SYMPATHIES the French Congo, throughout German Africa, in the Portuguese possessions, and even in the English colonies. The Belgian atrocities he believes have been much exaggerated, for political ends, although he concedes freely that the white man governing in tropic climes always becomes a savage. He puts our Philippine history strongly, and makes good use of our helplessness in face of the problem raised by negroes who can be studied at our very doors. "With this example constantly before us, one would suppose that we would hesitate in meddling with the equally complicated problem, regarding conditions of which we know little or nothing, on the other side of the globe." The book is founded on much more knowledge than most writers possess, and is well worth consideration by everybody with imperial impulse.

REPLYING TO SOMETHING quoted in this paper, from a correspondent, a Canadian reader sends extracts to prove that the "Daily Mail" had no share in the responsibility for RAYNER's reprieve. Certainly its editorial position was firm against reprieve. It published many letters, agitating the matter, for and against, and this is the only excuse for the despatches to America from London saying that the "Mail" "was largely responsible" for the Home Secretary's giving way. Not only the "Mail" but other London papers CRIME IN ENGLAND lamented Mr. GLADSTONE's clemency after it had been shown. The very fact, indeed, that merely allowing the matter to be discussed in news columns could be so severely condemned in London shows the different views of crime and punishment prevailing in the two countries, and the discussions were temperate in the extreme compared to what such an event as the Thaw trial leads the yellow press of America to furnish to its docile clientele.



SO IMPORTANT is the topic that we print in full the reply of Mrs. FLORENCE KELLEY, General Secretary of the Consumers' League, to an editorial in which we said, in substance, that the five hundred thousand women in America who belong to clubs have power enough to end child labor in America:

"To the Editor of COLLIER'S:

"SIR—My attention has been called to your editorial beginning, 'Women should find systematic factory inspection more interesting than study classes on BROWNING, and they can exterminate child slavery in the individual States before Senator BEVERIDGE's bill passes the National Legislature.' To this I am moved to reply after the Yankee mode with a query: 'How?'

"For five and twenty years, since I wrote my college thesis on 'The Law and the Child' at Cornell University, in 1882, I have been steadily trying to find a satisfactory answer to this question. Permit me to suggest that none appears in your editorial. 'Tis no trifling omission!

"From 1893 to 1897, as Chief Inspector of Factories of Illinois, I enforced the child-labor law with all the rigor of which its then feeble provisions were capable. Violators were prosecuted as they had never been prosecuted before in any State. Then the office was given by Governor TANNER to a voter who had been twenty-seven years on the payroll of the most persistent, defiant violator of the child-labor law in the State, the Illinois Glass Company at Alton—to Mr. LOUIS ARRINGTON. There were no prosecutions during his term of office. So much for my attempts at 'systematic factory inspection.'

"As Secretary of the National Consumers' League, it is my duty to 'exterminate child slavery' to the extent of promoting enforcement of child-labor laws, educating and organizing the conscience and intelligence of the shopping public. Members of the League prefer to buy goods *not* implicating the labor of children, and as to the product of stitching-factories we can exercise choice within the limits of the list of sixty who welcome our inspection. But what of the material stitched? How can we know whether a given bolt of shirting or sheeting is made in the Northern mill of a New England corporation under the 6 P. M. closing law of Massachusetts, with the help of children who are fifteen years old, and able to read and write English, or in the Southern mill of the same corporation under the law of South Carolina with no closing hour, no factory inspection, no requirement that a working child need even be able to write her own name?

"We can not discriminate effectively on any large scale in favor of manufacturers who employ no children, until we can get adequate, trustworthy information as to the sources of our supply. The latest United States

Census figures on child labor were seven years old, obsolete, and utterly misleading before they were made public CHILD LABOR in January, 1907. With the honorable exception of New York and Massachusetts, the reports of the State bureaus

of labor statistics on child labor are a disgrace to the country. So incomplete, discontinuous, often actually incoherent are they that we are filled with shame when foreign correspondents write asking for them.

"We can not by our own efforts supply ourselves with this needful information on any comprehensive scale. Club women and members of Consumers' Leagues do not commonly live in cotton-mill villages in the South, mining districts of Pennsylvania, or glass-working towns of southern New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, and the southern counties of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, along the Ohio River bank. Glass-manufacturing towns are not always agreeable dwelling-places. When they are, it often happens that access to the works is not obtainable. Thus, at Alton (after I ceased to be chief inspector), the only woman who ever acquired a comprehensive acquaintance with the interior of the glass-works was Dr. CORNELIA DE BEY, who scaled the stockade in the dead of night, so alarming the night watchman that he fled, giving no signal to announce the forbidden presence of a female visitor. This could hardly be done 'systematically.'

"Yet without knowledge, official or unofficial, *how* can we enforce the laws by discrimination in favor of goods made under legal conditions, without children's labor?

"Year after year we get child-labor bills introduced—twenty-three Legislatures have been considering child-labor laws in 1907. When our bills are enacted and take children out of mills and mines, they are commonly annulled by the courts, as in the case of the very valuable Pennsylvania law last year. Or, they may be repealed by the Legislature, as in the case of the New Jersey law, in 1903, which had for eleven years forbidden the employment of children (except in glass-works, canneries, and fruit-preserving) after six o'clock on five nights of the week, and after noon on Saturday.

"The admirable Ohio law, which forbids the employment of boys under sixteen and girls under eighteen years old after 7 P. M. in any gainful occupation, is now being tested as to its constitutionality. With the example of Pennsylvania before us, we are not justified in a sanguine view of its chance of being sustained by the courts of Ohio.

"No women voted for the election of those judges in Pennsylvania or Ohio, or for those legislators in New Jersey. We neither make laws nor are we permitted the responsibility of enforcing them officially. We do not elect the gentlemen who make them, or those who annul them, neither yet those who, as inspectors, so commonly defeat the intent of the statutes by non-enforcement.

"For 'exterminating child labor' we do what, under our disabilities of withheld power and withheld knowledge, we can do. We keep the subject interminably up! We use to the uttermost the slow and weary method of infinite persuasion. This we shall continue to do until the children of this nation are transferred from workplace to school, and the shame is

removed from us that we are the only great nation with a half million illiterate native children—we and Russia!

"Meanwhile, we make no boast that we can do in advance of its enactment what we trust that Senator BEVERIDGE's bill may make easier after its enactment: assure to the toiling children of the great child-labor States—Alabama and Pennsylvania—the same right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness which is now assured to children of the same ages in Illinois, Ohio, and Oregon.

FLORENCE KELLEY."

MRS. KELLEY'S LETTER is a strong and earnest presentation of what is true. It seems to us not to conflict with what we said. Five hundred thousand prosperous women, were they all as determined as Mrs. KELLEY, could do much, even under circumstances so adverse as they are in many ways in America to-day. But we readily forego that point, to put all our emphasis on the truth which Mrs. KELLEY tells, and which is of such supreme importance, and so deeply worth telling and reiteration, until the deadly wrong to the American child has been removed.

ON THE
ABOVE

FACT AND
TICKER

WALL STREET is without company in its misery. Men who travel about the country bring back reports of prosperity tempered by caution. Every one is preparing for depression, as the best way of avoiding depression. Factories are busy on actual rather than expected orders. The temper of the producing business world is sound. Only the broker's offices are idle. Speculation, so wild a few months ago, before the panic, is practically dead, except in Western and Canadian mines. The brokers wait for the public to "come in" again. Small amounts rule. A., B., and C., who know nothing of gambling and speak not the language of margins, but have saved up against a rainy day, buy a few shares or a few bonds "over the counter," and take them home. The lessening of financial bargain-hunting is nothing to deplore.

THE AMERICAN FREE ART LEAGUE is working toward an end which ought to be obtained without argument or effort. Apparently a majority of Congress now favors making art entirely free, and all that prevents the enfranchisement of this branch of education from the Dingley bill is the fear of bringing on a general tariff controversy. Why is it not possible to have an agreement ahead, from both parties, that when a free art bill is introduced it will be voted on by itself and not used as an excuse for stirring up other tariff questions? The League is wisely striving for entire freedom, believing it to be at least as easy to obtain as a specific duty A FOOL TAX of \$100 or a law which includes a time limit of fifty years, besides being more desirable and more correct in principle. A fifty-year limit would put under the ban works of ROSSETTI, WATTS, LANDSEER, LEMBACH, MANET, MONET, PUVIS DE CHAVANNES, MILLET, TROYON, DAUBIGNY, ROUSSEAU, COROT. A specific duty of \$100 would discriminate in favor of the rich. If Uncle JOE is again Speaker, he, of course, will oppose any law making easier the ownership of beautiful paintings or statues in America. He thinks they are foolish objects altogether.

IS IT ALWAYS NECESSARY that one of two parties to a difference of opinion should be a villain? ROBERT KISSICK, Patriotic Instructor of the G. A. R., Oskaloosa, Iowa, offers us this dilemma: "If you were asked to make selection as between the two Virginians, ROBERT E. LEE and GEORGE H. THOMAS, which one would you select as a model of true American patriotism? If LEE, why? If THOMAS, why?" Our reply is that General THOMAS and General LEE were both men of very high character and ability. One looked upon the United States as a single nation, and put his duty to that nation ahead of his duty to his State. The other looked upon this country as merely a confederation of sovereign and independent States, and felt obliged, when two kinds of loyalty conflicted, to take his place very sadly with his native State. The view of many intelligent Southerners to-day coincides with that of General THOMAS. That he was mistaken does not prove that General LEE was a man of inferior moral quality. He chose one side of a very close question, on either side of which were to be found, at that time, millions of intelligent and honorable men.

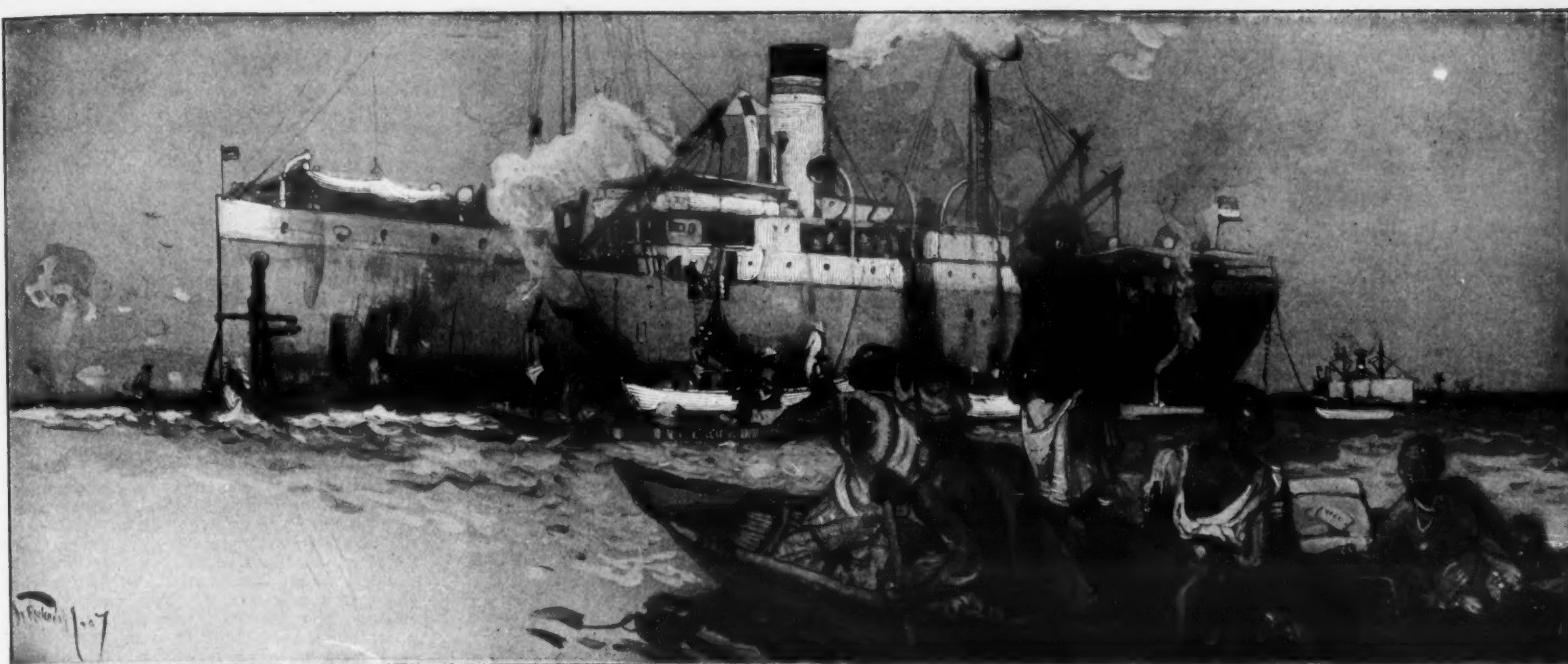
LEE AND
THOMAS



Kemble

WHO RULES NEW YORK?

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



THE COASTERS OF WEST AFRICA

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

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NO MATTER how often one sets out, "for to admire, and for to see, for to behold this world so wide," he never quite gets over being surprised at the erratic manner in which "civilization" distributes itself; at the way it ignores one spot upon the earth's surface, and upon another, several thousand miles away, heaps its blessings and its tyrannies. Having settled in a place one might suppose the "influences of civilization" would first be felt by the people nearest that place. Instead of which, a number of men go forth in a ship and carry civilization as far away from that spot as the winds will bear them.

When a stone falls in a pool each part of each ripple is equally distant from the spot where the stone fell; but if the stone of civilization were to have fallen, for instance, into New Orleans, equally near to that spot we would find the people of New York City and the naked Indians of Yucatan. Civilization does not radiate, nor diffuse. It leaps; and as to where it will next strike it is as independent as forked lightning. During hundreds of years it passed over the continent of Africa to settle only at its northern coast line, and its most southern cape; and, to-day, it has given Cuba all of its benefits, and, only fourteen hours away, has left the equally beautiful island of Hayti sunk in fetish worship and brutal ignorance.

One of the places it has chosen to ignore is the West Coast of Africa. We are familiar with the Northern Coast and South Africa. We know all about Morocco and the picturesque Raisuli, Lord Cromer, and Shep-

herd's Hotel. The Kimberley Diamond Mines, the Boer War, Jameson's Raid, and Cecil Rhodes have made us know South Africa, and on the East Coast we supply Durban with buggies and farm wagons, furniture from Grand Rapids, and, although we have nothing against Durban, breakfast food and canned meats. We know Victoria Falls, because they have eclipsed our own Niagara Falls, and Zanzibar, farther up the coast, is familiar through comic operas and ragtime. The Cape to Cairo Railroad of itself would make the East Coast known to us. But the West Coast still means that distant shore from whence the "first families" of Boston, Bristol, and New Orleans exported slaves. Now, for our soap and our salad, the West Coast supplies palm oil and kernel oil, and for automobile tires, rubber. But still to it there cling the mystery, the hazard, the cruelty of those earlier times. It is not of palm oil and rubber one thinks when he reads on the ship's itinerary, "the Gold Coast, the Ivory Coast, the Bight of Benin, and Old Calabar."

One of Civilization's Greatest Jumps

ONE of the strange leaps made by civilization is from Southampton to Cape Town, and one of its strangest ironies is in its ignoring all the six thousand miles of coast line that lies between. Nowadays, in winter time, the English flying from the damp cold of London go to Cape Town as unconcernedly as to the Riviera. They travel in great seagoing hotels, on which they play cricket, and dress for dinner. Of the damp, fever-driven coast line past which, in splendid ease, they are traveling, save for the tall peaks of Teneriffe and Cape Verde, they know nothing.

When last we made that voyage from Southampton, the decks were crowded chiefly with those English whose faces are familiar at the Savoy and the Ritz, and who, within an hour, had settled down to seventeen days of uninterrupted bridge, with, before them, the prospect of landing of the luxury of the Mount Nelson, and the hospitalities of Government House. When, the other day, we again left Southampton, that former departure came back in strange contrast. It emphasized that this time we are not accompanying Civilization on one of her flying leaps. Instead, now, we are going down to the sea in ships with the vortrekkers of civilization, those who are making the ways straight; who, in a few weeks, will be leaving us to lose themselves in great forests, who clear the paths of noisome jungles where the sun seldom penetrates, who sit in sun-baked "factories," as they call their trading houses, measuring life by steamer days, who preach the Gospel to the cannibals of the Congo, whose voices are the voices of those calling in the wilderness.

As our tender came alongside the *Bruxellesville* at Southampton we saw at the winch Kroo boys of the Ivory Coast; leaning over the rail the Soeurs Blanches of the Congo, robed, although the cold was bitter and the decks black with soot-stained snow, all in white; missionaries with long beards, a bishop in a purple biretta, and innumerable Belgian officers shivering in their cloaks and wearing the blue ribbon and silver star that tells of three years of service along the Equator. This time our fellow passengers are no

pleasure-seekers, no Cook's tourists sailing south to avoid a rigorous winter. They have squeezed the last minute out of their leave, and they are going back to the station, to the factory, to the mission, to the barracks. They call themselves "Coasters," and they inhabit a world all to themselves. It is a very big world in square miles, but it is one of those places civilization has skipped.

Nearly every one of our passengers from Antwerp or Southampton knows if he keep his contract, and does not die, that it will be three years before he again sees his home. So, our departure was not enlivening, and, in the smoking-room, the exiles prepared us for lonely ports of call, for sickening heat, for swarming multitudes of blacks.

In consequence, when we passed Finisterre, Spain, which from New York seems almost a foreign country, was a near neighbor, a dear friend. And the Island of Teneriffe was an anticlimax. It was as though by a trick of the compass we had been sailing southwest and were entering the friendly harbor of Ponce or Havana. Santa Cruz, the port town of Teneriffe, like La Guayra, rises at the base of great hills. It is a smiling, bright-colored, red-roofed, typical Spanish town. The hills about it rise in innumerable terraces planted with fruits and vegetables, and from many of these houses on the hills, should the owner step hurriedly out of his front door, he would land upon the roof of his nearest neighbor. Back of this first chain of hills are broad farming lands and plateaus from which Barcelona and



London are fed with the earliest and the most tender of potatoes that appear in London at the same time. Bermuda potatoes are being printed in big letters on the bills of fare along Broadway. Santa Cruz itself supplies passing steamers with coal, and passengers with lace work and post cards; and the English in search of sunshine, with a rival to Madeira. It should be a successful rival, for it is a charming place, and on the day we were there the thermometer was at 72°, and every one was complaining of the cruel severity of the winter. In Santa Cruz one who knows Spanish America has but to shut his eyes and imagine himself back in Santiago de Cuba or Caracas. There are the same charming plazas, the yellow churches and towed Cathedrals, the long iron-barred windows, glimpses through marble-paved halls of cool patios, the same open shops one finds in Obispo and O'Reilly Streets, the idle officers with smart uniforms and swinging swords in front of cafés killing time and digestion with sweet drinks, and over the garden walls great bunches of purple and scarlet flowers and sheltering palms. The show place in Santa Cruz is the church in which are stored the relics of the sea-fight in which, as a young man, Nelson lost his arm and England also lost two battleflags. As she is not often careless in that respect, it is a surprise to find, in this tiny tucked-away little island, what you will not see in any of the show places of the world. They tell in Santa Cruz that one night an English middy, single-handed, recaptured the captured flags and carried them triumphantly to his battleship. He expected at the least a K. C. B., and when the flags, with a squad of British marines as a guard of honor, were solemnly replaced in the church, and the middy himself was sent upon a tour of apology to the bishop, the governor, the commandant of the fortress, the alcalde, the collector of customs, and the captain of the port he declared that monarchies were ungrateful. The other objects of interest in Teneriffe are camels, which in the interior of the island are common beasts of burden, and which appearing suddenly around a turn would frighten any automobile, and the fact that in Teneriffe the fashion in women's hats never changes. They are very funny, flat straw hats; like children's sailor hats. They need only "U. S. S. Iowa" on the band to be quite familiar. Their secret is that they are built to support baskets and buckets of water, and that the straw of each is lined with a heavy pad.

The West Coast

AFTER Teneriffe the destination of every one on board is as irrevocably fixed as though the ship were a Government transport. We are all going to the West Coast or to the Congo. Should you wish to continue on to Cape Town along the South Coast, as they call the vast territory from Lagos to Cape Town, although there is an irregular, a very irregular, service to the Cape, you could as quickly reach it by going on to the Congo, returning all the way to Southampton, and again starting on the direct line south.

It is as though a line of steamers running down our coast to Florida would not continue on along the South Coast to New Orleans and Galveston, and as though no line of steamers came from New Orleans and Galveston to meet the steamers of the East Coast.

In consequence, the West Coast of Africa, cut off by lack of communication from the South, divorced from the North by the Desert of Sahara, lies in the steaming heat of the Equator to-day as it did a thousand years ago, in inaccessible, inhospitable isolation.

Two elements have helped to preserve this isolation. The fever that rises from its swamps and lagoons, and the surf that thunders upon the shore. In considering the stunted development of the West Coast, these two elements must be kept in mind; the sickness that strikes at sunset and by sunrise leaves the victim dead, and the monster waves that rush booming like cannon at the beach, churning the sandy bottom beneath, and hurling aside the great canoes as a man tosses a cigarette. The clerk who signs the three-year contract to work on the West Coast enlists against a greater chance of death than the soldier who enlists to fight only bullets; and every box, puncheon, or barrel that the trader sends in a canoe through the surf, is insured against its never reaching, as the case may be, the shore or the ship's side.

The surf and the fever are the Minotaurs of the West Coast, and in the year there is not a day passes that they do not claim and receive their tribute in merchandise and human life. Said an Old Coaster to me pointing at the Harbor of Grand Bassam: "I've seen just as much cargo lost overboard in that surf as I've seen shipped to Europe." One constantly wonders how the "Coasters" find it good enough. How, since 1550, when the Portuguese began trading, it has been possible to find men willing to fill the places of those who died. But, in spite of the early massacres by the natives, in spite of attacks by wild beasts, in spite of pirate raids, of desolating plagues and epidemics, of wars with other white men, of damp heat and sudden sickness, there were men who patiently rebuilt the forts and factories, fought the surf with great breakwaters, cleared breathing spaces in the jungle, and with the aid of quinine for themselves, and bad gin for the natives, have held their own. Except for the trade goods it never would be held. It is a country where the pay is cruelly inadequate, where but few horses,

sheep, or cattle can exist, where the natives are unbelievably lazy and insolent, and where there is no society of congenial spirits but a superabundance of animal and insect pests. Still, so great are gold, ivory, and rubber, and so many are the men who will take big chances for little pay, that every foot of the West Coast is preempted. As the ship rolls along, I can see for hours from the rail miles and miles of steaming yellow sand and misty swamp whereto yet no white man has set his foot. But in the real estate office of Europe some Power claims the right to "protect" that swamp; some treaty is filed as a title-deed.

As the Powers finally arranged it, the map of the West Coast is like a mosaic, like the edge of a badly constructed patchwork quilt. In trading along the

to thousands of white men, death and degradation, or both.

The raids made upon the West Coast to obtain slaves began in the fifteenth century with the discovery of the West Indies, and it was to spare the natives of these islands, who were unused and unfitted for manual labor, and who in consequence were cruelly treated by the Spaniards, that Las Casas, the Bishop of Chiapa, first imported slaves from West Africa. He lived to see them suffer so much more terribly than had the Indians who first obtained his sympathy, that even to his eightieth year he pleaded with the Pope and the King of Spain to undo the wrong he had begun. But the tide had set West, and Las Casas might as well have tried to stop the trades. In 1800 Wilberforce

stated in the House of Commons that at that time British vessels were carrying each year to the Indies and the American colonies 38,000 slaves, and when he spoke the traffic had been going on for two hundred and fifty years. After the Treaty of Utrecht, Queen Anne congratulated her Peers on the terms of the treaty which gave to England "the fortress of Gibraltar, the Island of Minorca, and the monopoly in the slave trade for thirty years," or, as it was called, the *asiento* (contract). This was considered so good an investment that Philip V of Spain took up one-quarter of the common stock, and good Queen Anne reserved another quarter, which later she divided among her ladies. But for a time she and her cousin of Spain were the two largest slave merchants in the world. The point of view of those then engaged in the slave trade is very interesting. When Queen Elizabeth sent Admiral Hawkins slave-hunting, she presented him with a ship, named, with startling lack of moral perception, after the Man of Sorrows. In a book on the slave trade I picked up at Sierra Leone there is the diary of an officer who accompanied Hawkins. "After," he writes, "going every day on shore to take the inhabitants by burning and despoiling of their towns," the ship was becalmed. "But," he adds gratefully, "the Almighty God, who never suffereth his elect to perish, sent us the breeze."

The slave book shows that as late as 1780 others of the "elect" of our own South were publishing advertisements like this, which is one of the shortest and mildest. It is from a Virginia newspaper: "The said fellow is outlawed, and I will give ten pounds reward for his head severed from his body, or forty shillings if brought alive."

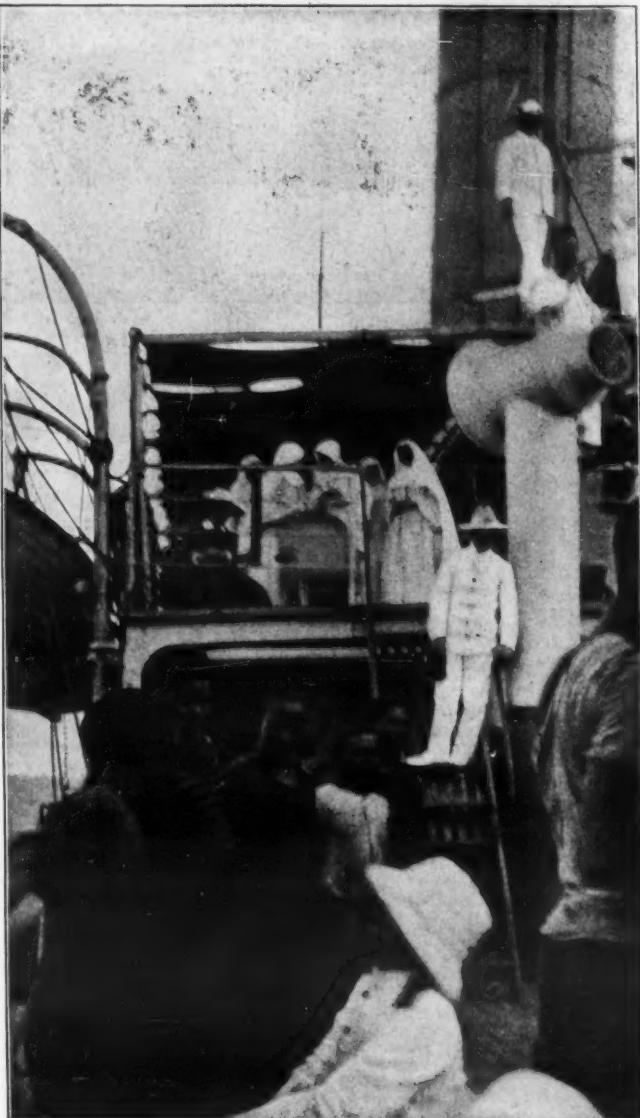
Slaves were Only Chattels

AT about this same time an English captain threw overboard, chained together, one hundred and thirty sick slaves. He claimed had he not done so the ship's company would have also sickened and died, and the ship would have been lost, and that, therefore, the insurance companies should pay for the slaves. The jury agreed with him, and the Solicitor-General said: "What is all this declamation about human beings! This is a case of chattels or goods. It is really so—it is the case of throwing over goods. For the purpose—the purpose of the insurance, they are goods and property; whether right or wrong, we have nothing to do with it." In 1807 England declared the slave trade illegal. A year later the United States followed suit, but although on the seas her frigates chased the slavers, on shore a part of our people continued to hold slaves, until the Civil War rescued both them and the slaves.

As early as 1718 Raynal and Diderot estimated that up to that time there had been exported from Africa to the North and South Americas nine million slaves. Our own historian Bancroft calculated that in the eighteenth century the English alone imported to the Americas three million slaves, while another 2,500,000 purchased or kidnaped on the West Coast were lost in the surf, or on the voyage thrown into the sea. For that number Bancroft places the gross returns as not far from four hundred millions of dollars.

All this is past history, and to the reader familiar, but I do not apologize for reviewing it here, as without the background of the slave trade, the West Coast, as it is to-day, is difficult to understand. As we have seen, to kings, to chartered "Merchant Adventurers," to the cotton planters of the West Indies and of our South, and to the men of the North who traded in black ivory, the West Coast gave vast fortunes. The price was the lives of millions of slaves. And to-day it almost seems as though the sins of the fathers were being visited upon the children; as though the juju of the African, under the spell of which his enemies languish and die, has been cast upon the white man. We have to look only at home. In the millions of dead, and in the misery of the Civil War, and to-day in race hatred, in race riots, in monstrous crimes and as monstrous lynchings, we seem to see the fetish of the West Coast, the curse, falling upon the children to the third and fourth generation of the million slaves that were thrown, shackled, into the sea.

The first mention in history of Sierra Leone is when in 480 B. C., Hanno, the Carthaginian, anchored at night in its harbor, and then owing to "fires in the forests, the beating of drums, and strange cries that issued from the bushes," before daylight hastened away. We now skip nineteen hundred years. This is something of a gap, but except for the sketchy description given us by Hanno of the place, and his one gaudy



TALKING WITH THE KROO BOYS ON THE DECK

West Coast a man can find use for five European languages, and he can use a new one at each port of call.

To the north, the West Coast begins with Cape Verde, which is Spanish. It is followed by Senegal, which is French; but into Senegal is tucked "a thin red line" of British territory called Gambia. Senegal closes in again around Gambia, and is at once blocked to the south by the three-cornered patch which belongs to Portugal. This is followed by French Guinea down to another British red spot, Sierra Leone, which meets Liberia, the republic of negro emigrants from the United States. South of Liberia is the French Ivory Coast, then the English Gold Coast; Togo, which is German; Dahomey, which is French; Lagos and Southern Nigeria, which again are English; Fernando Po, which is Spanish, and the German Kamerun.

The Slave Trade

THE coast line of these protectorates and colonies gives no idea of the extent of their hinterland, which spreads back into the Sahara, the Niger basin, and the Sudan. Sierra Leone, one of the smallest of them, is as large as Maine; Liberia, where the emigrants still keep up the tradition of the United States by talking like end men, is as large as the State of New York, but two other colonies, Senegal and Nigeria, together are 135,000 square miles larger than the combined square miles of all of our Atlantic States from Maine to Florida and including both. To partition finally among the Powers this strip of death and disease, of uncountable wealth, of unnamed horrors and cruelties, has taken many hundreds of years, has brought to the black man every misery that can be inflicted upon a human being, and

night there, Sierra Leone until the fifteenth century utterly disappears from the knowledge of man. Happy is the country without a history!

Nineteen hundred years having now supposed to elapse, the second act begins with De Cintra, who came in search of slaves, and instead gave the place its name. Because of the roaring of the wind around the peak that rises over the harbor he called it the Lion Mountain.

After the fifteenth century, in a succession of failures, five different companies of "Royal Adventurers" were chartered to trade with her people, and, when convenient, to kidnap them; pirates in turn kidnapped the British Governor, the French and Dutch were always at war with the settlement, and native raids, epidemics, and fevers were continuous. The history of Sierra Leone is the history of every other colony along the West Coast, with the difference that it became a colony by purchase, and was not, as were the others, a trading station gradually converted into a colony. During the war in America, Great Britain offered freedom to all slaves that would fight for her, and, after the war, these freed slaves were conveyed on ships of war to London, where they were soon destitute. They appealed to the great friend of the slave in those days, Granville Sharp, and he with others shipped them to Sierra Leone, to establish, with the aid of some white emigrants, an independent colony, which was to be a refuge and sanctuary for others like themselves. Liberia, which was the gift of philanthropists of Baltimore to American freed slaves, was, no doubt, inspired by this earlier effort. The colony became a refuge for slaves from every part of the coast, the West Indies, and Nova Scotia, and to-day in that one colony there are spoken sixty different coast dialects.

The Hottest Place on Earth

SIERRA LEONE, as originally purchased in 1786, consisted of twenty square miles, for which among other articles of equal value King Naimbanna received a "crimson satin embroidered waistcoat, one puncheon of rum, ten pounds of beads, two cheeses, one box of smoking pipes, a mock diamond ring, and a tierce of pork."

What first impressed me about Sierra Leone was the heat. It does not permit one to wholly give his attention to anything else. I always have maintained that the hottest place on earth is New York, and I have been in other places with more than a local reputation for heat; some along the Equator, Lourenco Marquez, which is only prevented from being an earthen oven because it is a swamp; the Red Sea, with a following breeze, and from both shores the baked heat of the desert, and Nagasaki, on a rainy day in midsummer.

But New York in August radiating stored-up heat from iron-framed buildings, with the foul dead air shut in by the skyscrapers, with a humidity that makes you think you are breathing through a steam-heated sponge, is as near the lower regions as I hope any of us will go. And yet Sierra Leone is no mean competitor.

We climbed the moss-covered steps to the quay to face a great white building that blazed like the base of a whitewashed stove at white heat. Before it were some rusty cannon, a canoe cut out of a single tree and seated upon it selling fruit and sun-dried fish, some native women, naked to the waist, their bodies streaming with palm oil and sweat. At the same moment something struck me a blow on the top of the head, at the base of the spine and between the shoulder blades, and the ebony ladies and the white "factory" were burnt up in a scroll of flame.

I heard myself in a far-away voice asking where one could buy a sun helmet and a white umbrella, and until I was under their protection Sierra Leone interested me no more. The soil of Sierra Leone is profusely rich in iron ore and red hematite, and the heat comes up from the soil as fiercely as it strikes from the sky.

Sierra Leone Blacks

ONE sees more different kinds of black people in Sierra Leone than in any other port along the coast; Senegalese and Sene-gambians, Kroo boys, Liberians, naked bush boys bearing great burdens from the forests, domestic slaves in fez and colored linen livery, carrying hammocks swung from under a canopy, the local electric hansom, soldiers of the W. A. A. F.'s, the West African Frontier Force in Zouave uniform of scarlet and khaki, with bare legs, Arabs from as far in the interior as Timbuctu, yellow of face and in long silken robes, big fat "mammies" in well-washed linen like the washerwomen of Jamaica, each balancing on her head her tightly rolled umbrella, and in the gardens slim young girls, with only a strip of blue and white linen from the waist to the knees, lithe, erect, with glistening teeth and eyes, and their sisters, after two years in the mission schools, demurely and correctly dressed like British school marm's. Sierra Leone has all the hall marks of the crown colony of the tropics; good wharfs, clean streets, innumerable churches, public schools operated by the Government as well as many others run by American and English missions, a club where the white "mammies," as all women are called, and the white officers—for Sierra Leone is a coaling

station on the Cape route to India, and is garrisoned accordingly—play croquet, and bowl into a net.

When the officers are not bowling they are tramping into the hinterland after tribes on the warpath from Liberia, and coming back, perhaps wounded or racked with fever, or perhaps they do not come back. On the day we landed they had just buried one of the officers. On Saturday afternoon he had been playing tennis, during the night the fever claimed him, and Sunday night he was dead. That night as we pulled out to the steamer there came toward us in black silhouette against the sun, setting blood-red into the lagoon,

Because her lines were so homelike and her captain came from Cape Cod, we wanted to call on the Gladys E. Wilden, but our own captain had different views, and the two ships passed in the night, and the man from Boston never will know that two folks from home were burning signals to him.

Because our next port of call, Grand Bassam, is the chief port of the French Ivory Coast, which is 125,000 square miles in extent, we expected quite a flourishing seaport. Instead, Grand Bassam was a bank of yellow sand, a dozen bungalows in a line, a few wind-blown cocoanut palms, an iron pier, and a French flag. Beyond the cocoanut palms we could see a great lagoon, and each minute a wave leaped roaring upon the yellow sand-bank and tried to hurl itself across it, eating up the bungalows on its way, into the quiet waters of the lake. Each time we were sure it would succeed, but the yellow bank stood like rock, and, beaten back, the wave would rise in white spray to the height of a three-story house, hang glistening in the sun and then, with the crash of a falling wall, tumble at the feet of the bungalows.

We stopped at Grand Bassam to put ashore a young English girl who had come out to join her husband. His factory is a two days' launch ride up the lagoon, and the only other white woman near it does not speak English. Her husband had wished her, for her health's sake, to stay in his home near London, but her first baby had just died, and against his unselfish wishes, and the advice of his partner, she had at once set out to join him. She was a very pretty, sad, unsightly young wife, and she spoke only to ask her husband's partner questions of the new home. His answers, while they did not seem to daunt her, made every one else at the table wish she had remained safely in her London suburb.

Back to the White Man's Burden

THROUGH our glasses we all watched her husband lowered from the iron pier into a canoe and come riding the great waves to meet her.

The Kroo boys flashed their trident-shaped paddles and sang and shouted wildly, but he sat with his sun helmet pulled over his eyes staring down into the bottom of the boat; while at his elbow, another sun helmet told him yes, that now he could make out the partner, and that, judging by the photograph, that must be She in white under the bridge.

The husband and the young wife were swung together over the side to the lifting waves in a two-seated "mammy chair," like one of those *vis-a-vis* swings you see in public playgrounds and picnic groves, and they carried with them, as a gift from Captain Burton, a fast melting lump of ice, the last piece of fresh meat they will taste in many a day, and the blessings of all the ship's company. And then, with inhospitable haste there was a rattle of anchor chains, a quick jangle of bells from the bridge to the engine-room, and the *Bruxellesville* swept out to sea, leaving the girl from the London suburb to find her way into the heart of Africa. Next morning we anchored in a dripping fog off Sekondi on the Gold Coast, to allow an English doctor to find his way to a fever camp. For nine years he has been a Coaster, and he had just gone home to fit himself, by a winter's vacation in London, for more work along the Gold Coast. It is said of him that he "has never lost a life." On arriving in London he received a cable telling him three doctors had died, the miners along the railroad to Ashanti were rotten with fever, and that he was needed.

So he and his wife, as cheery and bright as though she were setting forth on her honeymoon, were going back to take up the white man's burden. We swung them over the side as we had the two others, and that night in the smoking-room the Coasters drank "Luck to him," which, in the vernacular of this unhealthy shore, means "Life to him," and to the plucky, jolly little woman who was going back to fight death with the man who had never lost a life.

The Greeting of the Coast

AS the ship was getting under way, a young man in "white" and a sun helmet, an agent of the lighterage company, went down the sea ladder by which I was leaning. He was smart, alert; his sleeves, rolled recklessly to his shoulders, showed sinewy, sunburnt arms; his helmet, I noted, was a military one. Perhaps I looked as I felt; that it was a pity to see so good a man go back to such a land, for he looked up at me from the swinging ladder and smiled understandingly as though we had been old acquaintances.

"You going far?" he asked. He spoke in the soft, detached voice of the public school Englishman.

"To the Congo," I answered.

He stood swaying with the ship, looking as though there were something he wished to say, and then laughed, and added gravely, giving me the greeting of the Coast: "Luck to you."

"Luck to you," I said.

That is the worst of these gaddings about, these meetings with men you wish you could know, who pass like a face in the crowded street, who hold out a hand, or give the password of the brotherhood, and then drop down the sea ladder and out of your life forever.

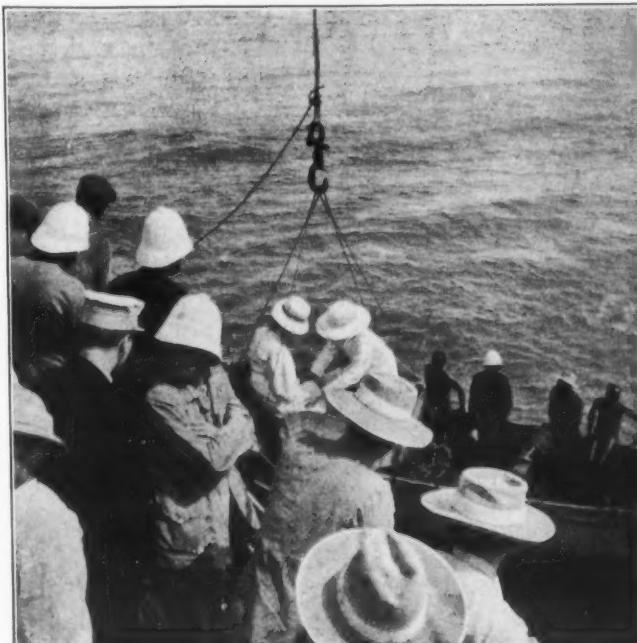


The "mammy chair" is like those swings you see in public playgrounds

two great canoes. They were coming from up the river piled high with fruit and bark, with the women and children lying huddled in the high bow and stern, while amidships the twelve men at the oars strained and struggled until we saw every muscle rise under the black skin.

The Man from Boston

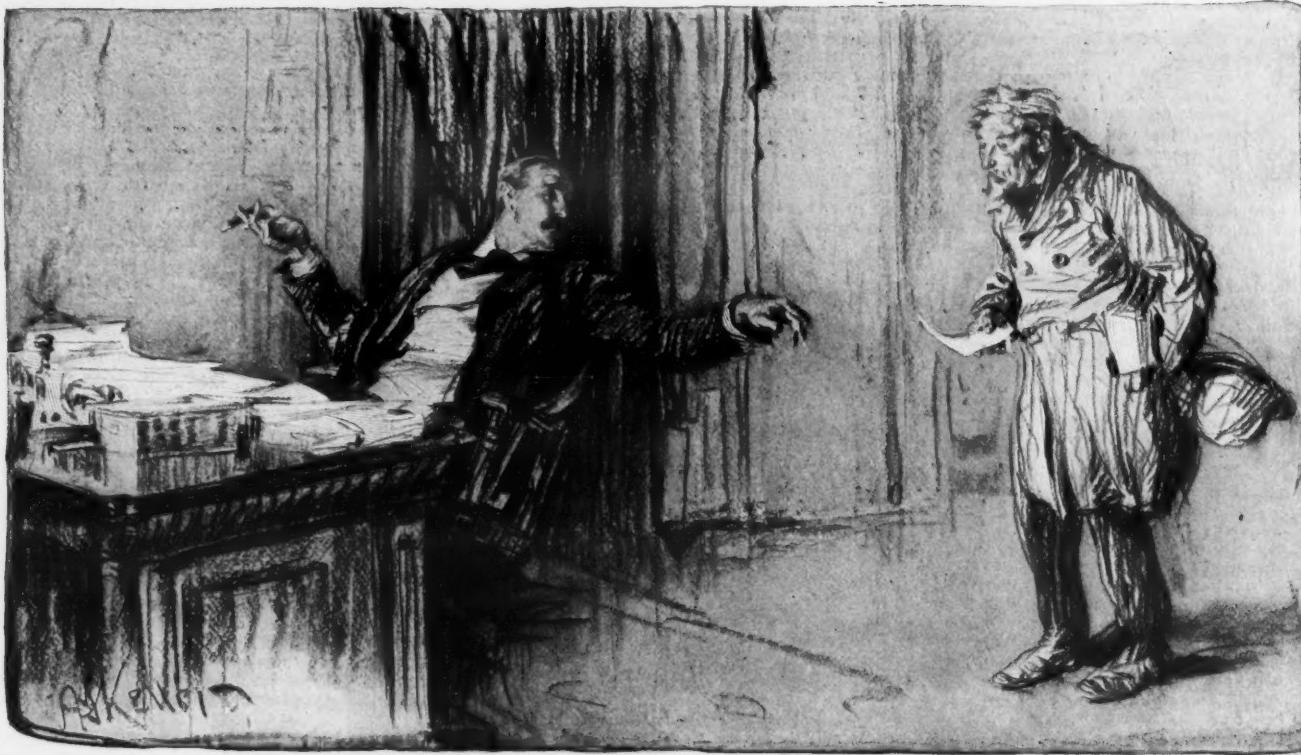
AS their stroke slackened, the man in the bow with the tom-tom beat more savagely upon it, and shouted to them in shrill sharp cries. Their eyes shone, their teeth clenched, the sweat streamed from



The husband and the young wife were swung together over the side

their naked bodies. They might have been slaves chained to the thwarts of a trireme.

Just ahead of them lay at anchor the only other ship beside our own in port, a two-masted schooner, the Gladys E. Wilden, out of Boston. Her captain leaned upon the rail smoking his cigar, his shirtsleeves held up with pink elastics, on the back of his head a derby hat. As the rowers passed under his bows he looked critically at the streaming black bodies and spat meditatively into the water. His own father could have had them between decks as cargo. Now for the petroleum and lumber he brings from Massachusetts to Sierra Leone he returns in ballast.



HIS WIFE

By STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

Winner of the \$1,000 Prize in COLLIER'S Quarterly Contest, September to December, 1906

HE was a shabby, little, middle-aged man—one of that innumerable host whose dull, irresolute faces and lax, lethargic bodies pathetically publish them as failures. And the unkemptness of his rusty, gray hair, the dinginess of his coarse skin, the uncleanness of his blunt finger-tips, the stains on his threadbare coat lapels, and the grimy glaze on his linen, all were symptoms expressing poignantly his apathetic acquiescence in that destiny. In that struggle for which fate had prepared him, in mind and spirit, so inefficiently he had been long since well beaten into a pattern for submission and drudgery. Now, at last, he was irrevocably a poor machine, none too accurate even for small performances, doing whatever task was set for him by those who, because they were everything that he was not, controlled his mean and trifling fortunes.

All day long he worked in a big room full of desks and active young men, where the clerical business of a great factory was done. His tasks were calculated to require little of the spirit of enterprise and alertness which characterized this place. In an atmosphere of eagerness and sharpness, he moved about his petty employments quite unaffected by it. Sometimes, upon indiscriminating strangers, his dulness imposed as calmness, his lethargy as deliberation, his bulging brow—the peculiarly salient, deceptive brow of so many futile souls—as an evidence of capability suppressed. To such casual, myopic observers he seemed to be a man who had not been given a proper chance—a man inappropriately employed. For he ruled forms, filed unimportant papers, distributed or stamped letters, kept the desks in order, did whatever the time of the keen, young clerks was too valuable to be wasted on. A boy could have done nearly all that he did, and, by the deadly accuracy of his employers' judgment, he received nearly as little as a boy's wages.

In the evening, when all the clerks had gone and he had put the big office to rights, he would begin inevitably to think of his own home-going and, consequently, of his wife.

His wife! How often he had expressed to himself in incoherent terms, at such moments as that, what a travesty on proper reward for all his long days' effort were those home-comings of his to her!

It was part of his little tragedy that, as though at his making he had been half intended for better uses, he should be vaguely to appreciate the values of what other people had and he was missing. What should be, even among the people of whose especial class he was, the legitimate expectation at such an hour, with home in view? Simple, warm coziness, without a doubt; a soothing sense of snugness engendered of pleasant, tranquil companionship in cheerful setting. But what, in place of that, had he to anticipate?

He always knew exactly how he would find his wife: at the stove in the kitchen of their gloomy little flat, her face blotted and shining from the heat of frying food, her thin hair stringing down around her coarse, creased neck, her shapeless figure wrapped in a faded and stained working dress. And he always anticipated

even the expression with which she would receive him at his home-coming; an expression of recognition without welcome, signifying an almost sullen acceptance of his presence—as though, in her opinion, there was in him some constant, subtle cause for resentment and hostility.

What could be the solution of this furtively hostile riddle which was so apt to appear in his wife's eyes as soon as she turned them on him?

He had too little intuition or capacity for seeing even himself clearly to find the answer. But he could understand that something intangible was, nowadays, always between them—something that she, who had so evidently raised it up herself, seemed always with curious, wicked injustice to be blaming him for.

Whatever, unconsciously or not, she meant by this, how blighting an effect it had on him, coming home with timorous aspirations toward peace and tranquillity, always to be so greeted! That maddening look of hers—sometimes he almost fixed it as a sort of tired contempt—would fill him with a weak, bewildering rage. The strange inequity of it! He would get swiftly a desire to retaliate for it upon the one person in the world on whom he could feel perfectly safe in retaliating. Then, casting about for means of retaliation, he would most easily find them just in seeing her as she was, with clear, spiteful eyes. He would see her as she was after all the years they had lived together in absolute, gross intimacy, without any appreciation of the saving quality of carefully preserved ideals, having destroyed every illusion. There would be no little repulsive detail in her conduct or appearance that he would not remember and observe, that he would not mark vindictively. And his reprisal would come when she would see—and she could not help seeing—written on his face, his comprehension of her stale state of degeneration and his repugnance at it. It was through his expressed contempt for her existing self, aged, grown slatternly and ugly, become something that he had never bargained for, that he would strike back at her. It was not by ingenious understanding, but just instinctively that he had come across this weapon for revenge. If he had known how terrible a weapon it was!

Greeting each other so, in air surcharged with mutual antipathy and provocation, they would begin their evening.

"That's married life!" he said to himself again one day, just as he had often said it, as he put on his worn-out coat and hat to leave the empty, dusky office and go home. "That's married life!" Unconsciously he made those three inadequate words, by the accent of vague bewilderment with which he uttered them, exquisitely pathetic.

AS he was going along the hall on his way out, some one called to him from the private office, the open door of which he was just passing.

He stopped, forgetting everything else in a sudden thrill of unreasoning, unreasonable fear. For he was, at best, always secretly apprehensive of that private

office or, rather, of those in it. And now, at this unusual call for him, presaging he could not guess what act of theirs, for an instant he was really frightened. He felt the acute fright of a poor and defenseless person whose unstable, trivial fortunes are suddenly menaced. Suppose that they had all at once found him in some way inefficient or too old for their full profit! Suppose that they were actually going to turn him out, aghast, to walk the streets!

Hat in hand, he shuffled to the open door, having on his face that wide-eyed, flaccid expression of humility and anxiety which aging, inept dependents take into the presence of powerful employers.

In the bright private office there was but one person: the owner of the factory. He was sitting tipped back in his chair beside a large, glistening desk, smoking, with the air of a man who has finished satisfactorily his sort of day's work. His calm face indicated, for the employee in the doorway, strange qualities such as unvarying self-possession, self-confidence, and competency. Innumerable details which made up his immaculate appearance hinted at an extraordinary, felicitous existence amid other surroundings of unguessed luxury and attractiveness. Expressing, by every visible characteristic, the idea of unlimited possession, ability, and power, he was the sort of being for one quite without possessions, or ability, or power even over himself, to be properly afraid of. When he began to speak, the other held his breath, prepared by his extravagant and senseless trepidation for any dire announcement.

The employee was told that there was an errand to be done at once which had been forgotten until every one else had gone. It related to some repairs being made in his employer's house from the factory. There were some measurements, necessary for the completion of the work, to be got before morning. He was rapidly and clearly instructed in their nature and was told to make them on his way home that evening, and to give them to a foreman the first thing next day. He received the address and money for car fare. In another moment he found himself in the hall.

As he stumbled down the factory steps and set off on his errand, his nervous reaction from fear affected him peculiarly. At once, half realizing the absurdity and the shame of his emotion, he began to hate the man before whom he had been forced to feel it. He hated that calm, rich man for those intangible qualities in contemplating which he had felt so pitifully helpless. He hated him for everything differentiating which he had—even for his personal appearance, for his physical immaculateness and fineness. He hated him as the embodiment of his class; of that class which, as he had always implicitly believed, from a position of luxurious ease inexorably drives the poor and defenseless hither and thither in deep-worn ruts of toil, to pile up its illimitable profits.

These thoughts of his seemed, as he went on his way, to attract toward him for his notice countless tangible examples of the conditions which he was hating. For now, having left the rough factory streets

behind, through clangorous, feverish zones of business and pleasure mingled, he came into the particular regions of the rich.

There, in an evening mist made luminous by glittering lamps and the brilliant façades of wonderful hotels and shop, he moved like a man in a strange, superior land, bewildered, oppressed by a sense of his own miserable insignificance. That was, perhaps, the worst of his condition; that he was not permitted to view these things with the unappreciating, childlike wonder which is the unsuspected blessing of so many of the lowly. The poor metal of his brain oddly contained of better stuff just enough for his dejection; so that even from his place he could look up, half-comprehendingly, at this strange, inaccessible existence and envy bitterly. So, the clatter of extravagant traffic tangled in the broad avenue, the dazing glimpses, caught through carriage windows, of beautifully perfect women, his occasional contact with the tide of well-clothed, alien beings that flowed about him, the very crisp air, scented by winter flowers and perfumes, filled him with a despondent sense of privation. And, at his despondency, there smoldered in him a hot envy for all this heartless, cruel, greedy race into whose especial country he was intruding. How bitter a commentary on injustice he was among them—beaten after long years' futile struggling for just a little of what they had never wanted for and would never relinquish, in the smallest part, for such as he. Ah, the ghastly, wicked inhumanity of the conditions that allowed it!

He passed from the resplendent section of that avenue into the quieter, darker parts. Here were silent stretches of massive and harmonious dwelling-houses, solemnly grand, suggesting discreetly for him, just by the illuminated richness of their wide doorways and drawn window-curtains, untold magnificence within. Among these he found the house of his employer. He rang the bell at the servants' door and presently was admitted.

A MAID, leading him back through a narrow hall, passed him on to a man servant whom—at first sight of his tall, correctly clothed figure—the intruder took for a gentleman. This imposing domestic heard the other's errand with an air of reluctance and disfavor and then told him coldly, as though he were

He stared about him with no definite comprehension of the suggestive details in those decorations; the extensive, soft-colored rugs shining on the stone floor, the massive, ancient fountain-basin in the midst of the hall, the few great paintings on the wooden walls, or the bulky, green-bronze group of consummately molded figures at the base of the wide staircase. His impression was merely of the unexpected, unnecessary vastness and richness of the place which for him in his ignorance assumed a sort of splendid, public quality, as though it might be the foyer of some elaborate hotel—as though, indeed, it could not reasonably be part of a private house.

The servant led him hastily up the polished stairway to a second story, no less largely beautiful, and as deserted. In an ample, golden-brown place where soft firelight was reflected from countless gilded backs of books and blankly shining picture glasses, he set to work at his measurements, the servant watching him impatiently. And he worked hurriedly on his own account; for all the strange grandeur of this place filled him with confused uneasiness, as though it formed an environment in which he had no right—in which, in fact, by his presence he was effecting something reprehensible.

With his task nearly finished and escape at hand, all at once in the silence he heard behind him a soft, suggestive rustling and then a little, low, feminine exclamation of surprise. Turning involuntarily, he saw in the doorway, looking at him, a lady.

She was a beautiful person, tall, slender, and delicately blond. She was dressed for the evening in a low-necked gown whose peculiar, frosty rosiness so harmonized with herself that, as perhaps was intended, it seemed something almost less alien than a dress—nearly like a subsequently created part of her. Standing at the doorway in the soft light, she was something so complete, harmonious, and perfect, she was so exceptional and unprecedented a sight that, for the shabby intruder, she had quite the quality of an apparition.

Here, for the first time in his life, this man was face to face with a woman of that other, alien world. Here he was seeing her in the intimate setting of her own proper place, in this beautiful attire which, too, to his humble, unsophisticated senses, seemed distressingly

is a very inopportune time; my husband, perhaps, forgot—"

The man folded his rule and notes with haste and picked his rusty hat from the floor.

"I am all through, lady," he answered, huskily, and stood waiting timidly for her to step from the doorway. At once her slight expression of irritation faded; she turned indifferently and left the room with a slow, barely undulating step.

"See him out," she said over her snowy shoulder to the servant. "Open the library windows before you go down."

The intruder, following into the hall, came into air faintly perfumed with some strange, sweet, very subtle odor, which lingered where she had been. As he descended the stairs he began to remember, in little flashes, amazing details of her that his mind had been able, half-unconsciously, to grasp. He remembered the exquisite smoothness and color of her cheeks and throat, the white beauty of her shoulders and breast that he had in some way comprehended without daring to look at directly. He remembered the splendor of her slim, ring-laden fingers. He remembered the illusion of youthfulness in her figure as she left the room, trailing her soft, clinging, frostily-rosy skirts, undulating just perceptibly. He began to remember all her half-apprehendable perfection which actually made her seem to him, weighed by his inadequate measures of experience, hardly a woman.

The cold air struck his forehead and neck, hot and moist from his late confusion. The door was slammed shut behind him. He looked up and about with the manner of a man suddenly waking out of unrealities. Slowly he set out for home.

AS he went, at once inevitably there occurred to him a comparison between the place he was leaving and that to which he was now going; between the woman he had just seen and the one he would see presently. Two images stood suddenly before him in cruel contrast: the images of his employer's wife and of his own.

The difference in that comparison, as vast as in every other between his condition and his employer's, affected him terribly by what he would have termed its injustice. Both of them, he reflected, after all just men, the one had everything that signified contentment and



Turning involuntarily he saw in the doorway, looking at him, a lady

responsible for being there, that he had chosen a very bad time. "How long will you be?" the servant inquired briskly. "At any rate, you will have to cut it short. There's a dinner party to-night and you must get out of here before any one arrives." He preceded the other quickly through a door and into the main part of the house.

At once the stranger stepped, with a thrill of amazement, into a region of extraordinary and stately beauty.

intimate. Now, finally, he could see, with all the appreciation of which his mind was capable, to what environment, to what associations, fate allowed those other men to come home.

When this wonderful lady learned the reason for his intrusion she asked, in a voice pregnant for her hearer with such unexampled softness and refinement that it added to his confusion:

"Are you nearly through? You must hurry. This

enjoyment in prosperity, the other had nothing. Both of them husbands, the one possessed a wife in whom was embodied that evident perfection of womanhood by which the other was actually bewildered. And this shabby man, realizing that for some one else intimate life with such a woman was an actuality, was going home to the woman allotted to him—his own wife. He would find her at the stove in the kitchen of their dingy little flat, in a murk of greasy smoke, disheveled, red-

faced, coarse, nowadays repulsive even to him, ready to greet him with her old look of mean, perpetual hostility. At that moment, his whole weak nature crying out against the cruelty of it all, how he loathed her, for her part among the instruments of his punishment!

Punishment! But what had he done to deserve his punishment?

That was, he thought then, the worst of it; there was no justice at all in a world where such conditions were possible. By the only doctrine which he knew—the illogical doctrine which teaches the poor how to envy and to hate illogically—this was the intolerable thing: that the rich should be able to take everything, and such as he, striving pathetically for so little, nothing. How vividly that villainous wrong stood out before his eyes to-night, on his realizing all the tremendous difference between his employer's fortunes and his own, between their homes, their wives, everything—even themselves.

He stopped in the street as this thought seized him. Yes, between themselves, too. He was not thinking then of their differences of clothing and cleanliness, of education and refinement. He was thinking of something beyond these things, setting him and his employer unalterably far apart—something which he was trying to identify. . . . His mind, unadapted for any consecutive reasoning, seized clumsily on this new idea and began to grapple with it.

He remembered his employer as he had seen him in his private office, still at his post after every one else had gone—surely a poor figure from which to draw an example of idleness rewarded with criminal prodigality. His was a face fashioned in a superior mold. Power and ability and perfect self-reliance were written on it too clearly ever to have replaced other sorts of lineaments erased. Those qualities, so expressed, had surely not grown up with that man's good fortune. Surely he had been born with them. Surely they had urged him to become what he was; they had been responsible for that, had done that for him.

There, at last, through a rift in the dark obscuration of unreasoning class hatred, shone the answer to everything. While some men came into the world with such spirit in their faces, there could be nothing in common between them and such as this poor man. Their sort must gain everything and his must work in little, futile ways forever and gain nothing. That innate difference—that tragedy of fate's capricious handicap of brain and spirit—that was the answer.

Walking on slowly, he remembered, in dismal corroboration of this, how everything he had ever undertaken, in all his life, had failed. He remembered how everything with which he had ever had personally to do had been infected by his own perpetual failure. It had been so always, with all his associations, with the woman he had brought into his life—

Ah! What was he seeing now? He was seeing his wife, in a form for a long time strange to him and nearly forgotten. He was seeing her as she had been in that brief, almost unbelievable period marked by their wedding day.

He remembered: she had been young and fresh; her mind had then been largely still unformed; her character had been still untrained. She had been the



He reached his own door and went in

plastic material from which—how terrible to realize it—almost anything might have been fashioned!

And he, all their life together, had been dragging her down with him through the gloomy paths of his puerile, profitless career. If she had begun then with heedless, youthful certainty of the future, with vague, but trustful, young optimism, how long had it taken to show her the mistake of that, to wear such tenuous things out, to give her, in place of them, all their antitheses? With him she had lost them so quickly, so long ago, that only now, with a quick pang, had he remembered them.

What was she now? She had grown too early middle-aged and ugly under worry, slovenly and gross under hardship, querulous and bitter under misfortune. She was what he had made her.

He had made her so. He had made her what, but

a little while ago, he had loathed her for being.

His wife! That long-forgotten mental picture of her stood out before him: the picture of her as she had been at the beginning when, under the protection of such a man as his employer, might she not have approached in large degree, through ease and prosperity and cultivation, the image of such a woman as his employer's wife? If that was so, ah, the mortal injury that all these years he had been doing her!

FINALLY, all his numbing thoughts arranged, he came miserably into that familiar region, crowded, strident, dirty, and malodorous, where he lived. He reached his tenement and climbed the soiled, littered stairs, through air rank with odors of cooking food and of uncleanly living. He reached his own door and, pushing it slowly open, went in.

But when he saw her, exactly as he had pictured her in that contrast with his employer's wife, with every unlovely detail of her appearance cruelly evident, he stopped in the doorway, staring at her wretchedly. He was staring at all that he had done.

She rose from the kitchen chair in which she had been waiting for him, glanced swiftly at the clock, and then turned to him a face full of irritable, indignant inquiry.

But he stood still and mute, struck so by the look that had preceded that one—a look of real relief, for one instant illuminating her face as he, appearing at last, had quieted her apprehension at his long lateness. The old, familiar greeting he had expected—and he had analyzed it now, and knew what bitter, hopeless, and just thoughts must be behind it. But that first, unconscious look which he had found to-night in place of it—that flash of unguessed solicitude—melted all his numb apprehension. It drove him, stumbling forward to her, with a face tremulous, chaotic; with his fingers involuntarily reaching out for her in a gesture which for a long time he had forgotten. He took her in his arms; he smothered her struggling amazement with a sudden, weak convulsion of dry sobs. In a cracking voice, striving to express for her his piercing realization, he cried:

"My wife. . . . My poor wife. . . ."

Could it have been merely a contagion of emotion which leaped from him to ravage her susceptible, feminine nature? Peculiarly her mouth, in a swift, sympathetic response, was suddenly contorted as though from pain.

And then, going all limp, she clung to him, her coarse hands clutching his threadbare shoulders, her unkempt hair pressed against his cheek. Their sobs, their bungling motions, were incoherent. Perhaps even their agitation was to them, just then, inexplicable, roused they knew not how and shaking them they knew not to what purpose. But at that sudden, mutual crumbling into emotion, all at once miraculously all their long bitterness and all their cruel, recriminative thoughts were gone. All in an instant those unexpected, unfamiliar tears swept away the sullen barriers between them—the angry sense of rights and wrongs, the wanton injuries and ghastly processes of retaliation. And perhaps, after all, gifted then divinely with a golden intuition, each saw, without a word needed to explain, all of the other's tragedy standing in brimming eyes, and finally understood.

GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS

I.—Showing how Mr. Gullible, after many disagreeable adventures with the Emperor of New Jersey, comes by chance upon the Island of Manhattan, where many things befall him among the wild inhabitants, the Hurrilegs



By WALLACE IRWIN

TWO years' residence with the Emperor of New Jersey tired me of royal pomp and ceremony. His Majesty, although a cultivated man, was a bit partial to reading the Congressional Record aloud to me of evenings, and he often commanded me to commit to memory the census and agricultural statistics, which he never missed delivering with a fine intonation. As we dined very heavily at the palace, I frequently went to sleep during these readings, and was awakened rudely to find his Majesty sitting on my chest and brandishing his sceptre in my face as he shouted in a loud and fearsome voice: "How many immigrants past the age of fifty died of coffee-drinking in Cincinnati during the month of June, 1901?"

—18

And he would hold me in the above described humiliating attitude until I had guessed the number mentioned in the Congressional Record, when he would release me and continue his reading. This practise so affected and depressed me that I at last resolved upon escape, and spent hours every day signaling in vain to the automobiles of passing peasants who went honking indifferently on toward the golf links of Hackensack.

Finally, however, my lucky chance arrived. The Emperor called me to his throne and commanded me harshly to run over to the shop across the way and buy him ten sticks of wintergreen chewing gum. I hastened to comply, but no sooner had I quit the palace gate than I availed myself of the opportunity and used

the Emperor's nickel to buy myself a ticket to a large, fat ferryboat which I saw straining at her moorings preparing for departure. As soon as the boat was safely in mid-stream, I took occasion to ask some of the passengers whether we were bound, but they merely looked at me with their strange wild eyes and answered: "Rubber!" which I did not understand at the time, but afterward learned meant: "Beware of rude and idle questionings" in the sweet, fluent dialect of the Hurrilegs or inhabitants of Manhattan Island.

After a short trip our vessel came in port at New York, the Enchanted City of the Hurrilegs, and, immediately upon landing, our passengers, many of whom were inhabitants, became affected with the curious run-



"loved things of a violent nature"

drowning people!" I cried; "can't somebody take the trouble to save them?"

"Wat's de use?" asked the native calmly. "Wat's de use o' bein' a hero w'en dere ain't no reporters around?"

While still pondering this cryptic reply I was suddenly seized from behind by a piratical cabman, who, with the battle-cry of "Keb! keb!" dragged me bodily into his vehicle, galloped as far as the windy corner of Broadway, and there suddenly stopped, dropped me violently on the pave, and, after having robbed me of my watch and purse, struck a match on my hat-band and disappeared in the crowd.

Being left for dead on the sidewalk, I was able to observe many of the strange customs and manners of the people among whom I was thrown.

The Hurrilegs, or Manhattan Islanders, infest New York, which is the capital of the State of Confusion. New York claims about 5,000,000 inhabitants, most of whom reside in Brooklyn or Hoboken, the latter city being the capital of Germany. The principal occupations of the Hurrilegs are outlawry, philanthropy, art, arson, advertising, building, dynamiting, and foot-racing. In Manhattan the only virtue which is revered is Speed. They get rich quick, get poor quicker, live fast lives, and run fast automobiles. When two gentlemen desire the honor of occupying the Mayor's chair they both run for the office. The one who can run the fastest gets there first and occupies the chair, while the slower candidate stays behind and demands a recount of ballots. While the men of Manhattan are young they spend their days in Wall Street wrecking trains and robbing the poor; but as soon as they grow old and useless they are sent to the Senate, where they can no longer do any harm.

A small Hurrileg passed me shouting: "Extra!" so I bought a newspaper from him; but the news I read was so appalling that I dropped the sheet and fell fainting against a water-plug. Imagine my puzzlement, then, when I noticed that the passing Hurrilegs were buying the newspapers by hundreds and devouring their contents with smiles of appreciation. Below is the headline which seemed to please them most:

HORRORS!!!
THE DEATH GRIP OF DESTRUCTION!
Awfully Awful Things are Occurring
Right Under Your
NOSE!!

I asked a passing editor why the shock-sheet was so popular with the multitude, and he replied that the Hurrilegs, being used to discomfort of every kind, loved to contemplate things of a violent and disastrous nature. There was once an editor, he said, who thought he would get out a soothing extra, so he had his front-page headlines to read like this:

EXTRA!!
NOTHING DOING!!!
Very little worth recording has happened in
the past twenty-four hours, so the Public
had better go to
BED!!!

There was only one copy of this paper sold, the editor added sadly, and that copy was bought by a blind man who wanted it to wrap a pair of shoes in.

Automobiling and murder are not punishable by law and cannibalism is still practised among the Hurrilegs. Important public officials are stationed at street corners to frighten and awe the inhabitants. These officials are called *cops*. Strangers are called *yaps*. When a *yap* asks a *cop* to direct him to the Liberty Statue the *cop* invariably points toward Central Park and settles back to his original state of coma. This, I understand, is one of the customs of the country.

The Hurrilegs live in tall, square chimneys with a multitude of peep-holes up and down the sides. These buildings

are variously called *flagpoles*, *cloud-scrappers*, and *star-ticklers*. Architecturally the inhabitants of Manhattan Island are notorious for their loftiness of ideal. Real-estate values change so often and so suddenly in New York that the buildings are seldom allowed to stand for more than a month or six weeks. Sky-scrappers of twenty-five or thirty stories' height are often constructed on wheels so that they may be hauled from place to place and set up, temporarily, in vacant lots while land values are settling for a three weeks' run.

I was informed by the nobleman who took my nickel in the street car that one-third of New York is being torn down all the time; that another third is continually being built up, and the remaining third is always in a state of being repaired. If an earthquake should strike New York it would not materially change its appearance. The city never looks alike two days in succession, anyhow. To-day's residence is to-morrow's skyscraper, and to-day's cathedral to-morrow's apartment house. The members of the average family, injured as they are to hardship and change, are surprised at nothing. Every night thousands of families, reared to the niceties of life, may be seen camping in the streets, where they are waiting for the decorators to finish their new apartments.

After I had been in the city a week I was asked to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Everett Bilking, who belong to what is locally known as the Smarty Set. Mr. Bilking, who is a great stickler for form, gave his dinner out in the street under the elevated railroad. Mr. Bilking, who sold me a bargain in Goldfield stocks, seemed to take a great interest in my future, and told me some sad things about his domestic economy. He had built himself a cozy little palace in an expensive section, but a blast from the subway had shaken the building to earth, dropping sections of his Venetian music-room out into the street. While Mr. Bilking's new palace was being built he followed the local custom and camped at the busiest corner of Broadway and Thirty-third Street. Kitchen accommodations were set up, the Bilkins' famous French parlor furniture was arrayed invitingly in the middle of the street, where Mrs. Bilking, as usual, received her friends at four o'clock. Her callers, to keep her in countenance, went through the regular formula of saying: "How comfortably you are settled here!"

I do not remember enjoying a dinner more than the one which the Bilkins served that night under the elevated railroad. There were fifty guests around the grand mahogany table, which was decorated with orchids and smilax, as were the posts of the elevated structure. The conversation and the music were somewhat interrupted, it is true, by the passing of Harlem trains; but as I was seated at the right of a deaf dowager, who insisted on talking about her rheumatism, I didn't mind the interruptions so much. Late in the evening the Marquis of Cranberry arose and began a toast of his own composition; but he got no further than: "Here's to the—er—gel with the golden hair—" when he was interrupted by a peanut shell dropped into his glass from the elevated station above. The party broke up at a late hour, and many of the guests rode home in a milk-wagon furnished by the host.

It is not true, as some scientists aver, that the Hurrilegs have no religious faith. Quite the contrary, these savages are ardent devotees to the shrine of St. Lucre. As the Moslem bows to the East every morning, shouting: "Allah il Allah!" so the devoted Hurrileg kneels toward the Stock Exchange and utters a hundred times the prayer: "I am out for the stuff!" This phrase may be said to embody the entire soul-idea of Manhattan Island.

This mystic password once stood me in good stead. I was crossing the hideous thoroughfare known locally as Broadway when I was suddenly pounced upon by an automobile which seemed to be beside itself with rage. It felled me to the pavement and, after stamping on my head, passed hooting from view. Overcome by the insult as well as the pain, I lay helpless on the sidewalk, where I doubtless would have been murdered by some savage *cop* had not the mystic password sprung feebly to my lips: "I am out for the stuff!" Whereupon every person in the crowd which surrounded me immediately removed his hat and responded reverently: "We are all out for the stuff!" A large, noble-looking gentleman helped me into a strange vehicle, which appeared like an upright coffin on wheels. This cart, as I afterward learned, is called a hansom cab. The kindly gentleman explained that he was president of the Society for the Protection of Yaps and that the Society's rooms were in the Waldo-Fastoria hotel. Thither I was taken and laid carefully in a Louis XIV bed and surrounded with every golden luxury. I was attended by a fashionable physician, who promptly chloroformed me, removed my vermicular appendix, and pronounced me cured. So I dressed and went down to dinner.

When I entered the dining-room with my host, the president of the S. P. Y., I was at once struck in the eye by the huge fiery gems which gleamed from the hair and corsage of the splendidly gowned ladies who sat around the tables.

"What magnificent diamonds!" I exclaimed to the president.

"My dear Mr. Gullible," said the gentleman, "you are a stranger among us, so the mistake is natural. The ladies among the Hurrilegs, while they spend huge for-

tunes in gems, do not wear them publicly because, they find, real diamonds do not make sufficient display. So they have huge cut-glass globes especially fitted out with electric lights, and these they wear as decorations in hair and corsage. A pretty custom, is it not?"

I was about to answer when, to my surprise, I noticed a waiter approach a certain table bearing an enormous gold-mounted coal-scuttle. The gentleman at the head of the table, as soon as the coal-scuttle was set down next his plate, began pulling green-backs and yellow-backs from every imaginable pocket, dropping them, roll after roll, in the coal-scuttle. As soon as his stock was depleted and the receptacle was full to the brim, the gentleman scattered his small change in among the bills, turned his pockets inside out and went on with his dinner as the waiter vanished with the coal-scuttle.

"What kind of game is this?" I asked bewildered.

"This," said the president of the S. P. Y., "is known as tipping the waiter." When a Manhattan Islander goes out to dine he is supposed to spend everything he has about his clothes. Part of his money he lavishes on his food and the rest goes to the waiter. It is often found more convenient to give the waiter all you have when you sit down to dinner. This avoids confusion and gives your fellow citizens an idea of your wealth."

"Do the Hurrilegs ever dine—at home?" I asked timidly.

"Seldom," said the president. "They have no homes—they live in apartments. Besides, they prefer to dine where the public can see them spend their money. Obscurity, modesty, quiet are fatal to the temperament of the Hurrileg. If he is made to take his meals where no one will see him he soon commits suicide by eating twenty-dollar bills."

We partook of an expensive dinner consisting of unseasonable and indigestible dishes. The Hurrileg hates things in season because they do not cost enough. Watermelons at Christmas and oysters at Fourth of July are his delight, because they are hard to get and taste abominable when procured. If a New Yorker depended on well-cooked, wholesome food, he would starve. He does not eat to digest. He eats to spend.

After dinner we intended going to see the drama. The Hurrilegs are passionately fond of the drama, and their artistic instincts are finely trained. The great artistic success of Manhattan during my visit was called "Oodeldy-Doo," and was especially esteemed because it was exactly like several other operas then running in the city under different names. Thither we proceeded in expectation of an evening's enjoyment. But alas! we were turned away at the door. The entire house, we were told, had been bought out by twenty wealthy gentlemen from Oklahoma, who were about to announce their engagement to members of the chorus. I was told that a benefit matinée was to be given on the following Wednesday afternoon when the two proscenium boxes on the left would be occupied by the divorced husbands of the chorus.

So we went to the Horse Show. This exhibition, I found, is a great sporting event, where the aristocratic families of Manhattan are exhibited in classes, tied in stalls, and given prizes every afternoon and evening. This year the stalls of many families entered in the competition were enclosed in glass, thus preventing the general public from poking the entries with canes and umbrellas. The judges were busy judging light-running society leaders the afternoon I went. Several grand dames, accompanied by their husbands and dogs, were being trotted round the ring, their jewels examined by experts, and their hair, teeth, and pedigrees tested with acid. The blue ribbon was awarded to Mrs. Pomplius Spendergraft, who also received honorable mention in the heavyweight trotting class. Mrs. Clarence Vandragnet, who was a general favorite, was ruled out on account of a dressmaker's bill left unpaid by her last husband.

As soon as I could get one of the judges alone I asked him a question which proved my undoing. Taking him firmly by the button-hole, I inquired: "Where's the horse?"

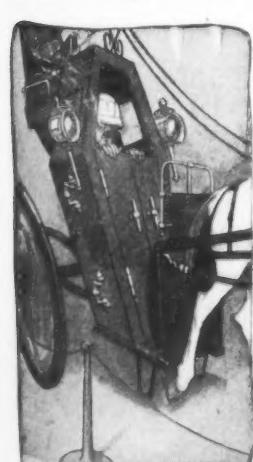
No sooner was the rash question out of my mouth than I was seized roughly by two municipal gendarmes, who slipped a ticket to Philadelphia in my hand and hissed: "Go at once!" I tried feebly to resist, but they hustled me into a cab, and in a few moments I found myself in a ferryboat plying toward the mysterious shores which fledge the magic city of Hoboken.



"Under the elevated road"



"The only virtue revered is Speed"



"Like an upright coffin on wheels"



*Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia neque
Per nostrum patimur scelus
Iracunda Iovem ponere fulmina.*

HORACE, Ode III , 38-40

“THE THUNDERER”

DRAWN BY “C.R.”

THE MOYER-HAYWOOD CASE

II.—THE MURDER, AND THE ARREST OF ORCHARD

Mr. Connolly's first article, describing the Idaho mining "troubles" which led ultimately to the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg, appeared in COLLIER'S for May 11. In future articles Mr. Connolly will describe the present trials

By C. P. CONNOLLY

In Idaho the last of the mining "troubles" occurred in 1899; from then until the murder of Steunenberg on the night of the last day of December, 1905, there was peace; union miners, members of the Western Federation, and non-union men worked side by side. But in Colorado the same period covered a history of intimidation, rioting, lawlessness, and retaliation. These Colorado troubles kept alive the hostility and bitterness between miners and mine owners. The anarchy that existed in that State for years was not confined by any means to the miners, though the lawlessness of some of their number was of the kind that stirs communities and individuals to hot-headed revenge. Back of the lawlessness which has been attributed to the miners was the greed and corruption of capitalists, the defiance of the will of the people by Legislatures dominated by the business interests, and the apparently obedient attitude of the courts in straining the law beyond constitutional limits to please or satisfy certain influences. It is not fair to criticize too harshly, for if ever the patience of a State was tried by lawlessness it was Colorado. The men who risked their lives in Colorado to quell disorder are entitled to all praise; but little credit is due to executive and judicial officers who in order to excuse their own folly defied the legal precedents which have grown out of the greatest struggles of the human race.

With this brief reference, the Colorado troubles, which kept alive the hostility between the mine owners and the Western Federation, may, for the present, be dismissed.

It is the theory of the prosecution in the Moyer-Haywood cases that Harry Orchard and others were the paid agents of the "Inner Circle" of the Western Federation, and that they were employed to assassinate prominent men in Colorado and Idaho who, either as officials, mine owners, or mine managers, had taken active and prominent part in opposing the Federation during the troubles in the two States. Whether, if this theory be true, the object was merely revenge, or the double motive of revenge and the intimidation of others, no one outside of those closely connected with the prosecution can tell.

The Murderer, Orchard

FOR quite a while Harry Orchard, the principal witness for the State in the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone cases, drove a milk-wagon between Wallace and Burke, two of the larger towns of the Coeur d'Alenes. He also worked in one of the mines at Burke. He had gone to Idaho from Butte, where he had located when he first came West, and where, first as a miner, and later as a professional gambler, he went under the name of Thomas Williams. He was born March 18, 1867, in a suburb of Detroit, Michigan, and was educated in the public schools. He has represented himself to be a member of the Masonic order. He is said to have had an early religious training. He was married in 1903, and has a wife and two small step-children. At one time he owned a sixteenth interest in the "Hercules" mine in the Coeur d'Alenes, which he sold for \$500, and which is now worth \$500,000. (That mine has made Edward Boyce, the president of the Western Federation of Miners who preceded Charles H. Moyer, wealthy.) Orchard appears to have been thwarted in his ambitions, and was a disappointed man. He was one of the eight hundred men who went to Wardner on April 29, 1899, and witnessed the destruction of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mill. Whether he took an active part at that time is not known. He made his escape from Wallace the night before the troops under General Merriam arrived, and returned to Montana. He was in Colorado during a part, or perhaps most, of the troubles there, and escaped from Independence during the early morning hours of June 6, 1904, when fourteen men were killed and many others injured by the blowing up of the depot at that place. A man named Neville accompanied Orchard in his flight at that time. Neville was afterward poisoned, and it is said that Orchard had a hand in his "removal." Neville knew "too much." Orchard's history in Colorado will undoubtedly be made a part of the record of the trials. It may be passed for the present.

In the early part of December, 1905, Harry Orchard appeared in Caldwell—a quiet, country town of three thousand people, situated in a farming section, and resembling much a town of the same size in Ohio or Kansas. It is in the extreme southwestern part of Idaho, twenty-nine miles from Boise, the capital, and close to both the Oregon boundary on the west and the Nevada boundary on the south. Orchard registered at the Saratoga Hotel under the name of T. S. Hogan.

He had been in Caldwell earlier in the fall, and had then roomed at a private house. He had made two attempts to kill former Governor Steunenberg before, one at the Idana Hotel in Boise, and the other at Steunenberg's home on Christmas eve, refraining both times because of unfavorable conditions. Orchard is a man a little above medium height, of stocky build, and of dark complexion—not a bad or vicious looking man when well-dressed, and he was now garbed in a neat suit, a derby hat, and well-polished shoes. He represented himself as one looking for investments for friends in land or sheep. He went fishing and hunting, and appeared to enjoy the sport. At one time he had a conversation with Steunenberg.

The Murdered Man, Steunenberg

FRANK STEUNENBERG was forty-four years old. He was born in Keokuk, Iowa, in August, 1861, and went West shortly after his marriage. He had earned the money which paid his way through the Ames (Iowa) Agricultural College. He lived with his wife and three children, two boys and a girl, on the outskirts of Caldwell, about fifteen minutes' walk from the main part of the town. When he first came to Idaho, Steunenberg worked in a printing-office, and was, during all his mature life, a member of the typographical union. His brother, A. K. Steunenberg, had preceded him to Idaho, and when Frank Steunenberg was assassinated, his father, three brothers, and a married sister were living in Caldwell. He was of German extraction, of the Boer type, slow to act, but of unflinching courage when his mind was made up—a man in whom there was more of character than appeared on the surface, with far more intellectual power than his unpolished expression would lead one to believe. Elihu Root declared, after meeting him in Washington, that Steunenberg was one of the strong men of the country. He never wore a cravat. He had no small vices, neither smoked nor drank, and when he took a holiday it was always in company with his family. He had drifted into ranching and sheep-raising before his election as Governor. He was elected in 1896, on the Bryan wave, and held office two terms, or four years. His salary as Governor was \$3,000 a year. He appears to have been well liked in the southern part of Idaho, where he was best known. The sworn inventory, on file in court, gives his estate as worth, after the payment of his debts, \$40,000. He was democratic in his habits and sympathies. A friend once quoted to him Burns's words: "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Steunenberg remarked that the line ought to be printed at the head of all the note-paper used by the inordinately rich. Steunenberg had studied politics from boyhood. "He knew more of politics when a boy than the average man does," Mrs. Steunenberg said to me. He could make a plain, common-sense public speech, but was not fond of speech-making. He was a Democrat, though his father and brothers were all Republicans.

Steunenberg had always strongly sympathized with union labor, though his sympathies were dulled by the events of 1899 in the Coeur d'Alenes. "I could not tell whether the threats that were made against his life after the Coeur d'Alenes troubles worried him or not," said Mrs. Steunenberg. "If they did, he never mentioned it. His friends wanted him to carry a revolver, but his answer always was: 'If those fellows want to do anything, they'll get me in the back, anyway.'" Long before his death Steunenberg had put aside all political ambition. He knew that his action in 1899, in declaring the Coeur d'Alenes to be in a state of insurrection and rebellion and calling in the Federal troops, meant political death for him; and he may have occasionally entertained the thought that it would mean physical death.

The Murder

A BOUT 6.30 on the evening of Saturday, December 30, 1905, Steunenberg started for home from his office. His oldest boy, twenty years of age, with a companion, was two blocks behind him. The early night was dark. Orchard, who had been waiting, passed the boy and his companion, and hurried across lots in order to pass the father. Orchard reached the side gate of the Steunenberg home five minutes before Steunenberg. He stooped down, and, picking up a short fish-line attached to the bomb which he had planted earlier at the left-hand side of the walk, just inside the gate, tied the string to the frame of the gate. (This string was attached by means of a bent pin to a cork loosely held in the neck of a small vial containing sulphuric acid. When the cork was pulled the acid was spilled over some giant caps, and the bomb was exploded.) When he had tied the string to the gate Orchard made off in the darkness. Steunenberg opened the side gate, his usual place of entrance. As he entered he must have turned round to close the gate, for when the explosion occurred the flesh of his right side was torn literally

from the bone. When Mrs. Steunenberg reached her husband's side he was able to inquire: "What's the matter, mother? What does this mean? Who shot me?" He lived twenty minutes. His features were not marred, though portions of his clothing were found fifty feet away. When the neighbors sought gently to place Mrs. Steunenberg on a couch, it was found to be covered with broken glass from the windows.

About ten minutes after the report of the explosion Harry Orchard appeared in the dining-room of the Saratoga Hotel and ordered his supper. While in his room that same evening, Orchard put a bottle containing a small quantity of sulphuric acid in the same coat-pocket in which he had unknowingly left an explosive cap, intending later to throw the bottle away. The acid leaked on the cap, causing an explosion which, in his agitated state, Orchard thought could be heard all over the hotel; but it seems not to have been noticed.

The murder occurred about 6:45. Governor Frank R. Gooding, at his home in Boise, thirty miles away, was advised by telephone of the assassination at exactly seven o'clock. He went down-town seeking particulars of the occurrence, and, not learning anything in Boise, called up the sheriff at Caldwell by telephone. He was advised that the sheriff had placed a cordon of guards around the town. Governor Gooding ordered a special train and went at once to Caldwell, arriving there an hour and a half after the explosion. An organization was immediately perfected, and the work of investigation was continued all night. The officers went on the theory that the person who set off the infernal machine must be still in Caldwell. The registers of the hotels and of the boarding-houses were all scanned very carefully, and the names of all strangers placed on the list of suspects. There was quite a heavy snow-storm on the afternoon of December 30, and there were six or eight inches of new snow on the ground, so that the tracks of any one leaving Caldwell by conveyance or on foot could be followed.

On the following day, when every one in the town was discussing the assassination, Orchard called the chairman of the Board of County Commissioners out from an excited group of men in the Saratoga Hotel lobby, and asked him if he knew where he, Orchard, could buy a band of wethers cheap.

The Arrest of Orchard

THIS question, so coolly put, aroused suspicion later against Orchard. He was watched closely all that day, Sunday. Most of the time he sat in a chair in the lobby of the hotel gazing out of the window without change of position. It was difficult to engage him in conversation. About noon his room was searched, and a very small piece of plaster of Paris and a pinch of explosive white powder were discovered in his valise. He was brought before an informal inquisition, held in the office of District Judge Frank J. Smith. Orchard appeared perfectly collected, said he was from Denver, and held a contract with the Mutual Life Insurance Company, as the representative of that company, but had not been doing any insurance business for some months. He said he was in Caldwell for the purpose of buying land, representing friends who were looking for investments. Sheriff Harvey K. Brown of Baker County, Oregon, who by chance was present, at once identified Hogan, or Orchard, as a miner who had been employed in the Cracker Creek District of eastern Oregon, where he had been an officer of the Bourne Miners' Union. After his release by the inquisition, "Hogan" talked jokingly in the lobby of the Saratoga Hotel of the suspicions of the officers. He did not blame the officers, he said, but it was rather humiliating to himself. "I don't know what kind of 'roasts' my friends in Denver will hand out to me when I get back there, if this story gets out," he said.

An impassable cordon had been placed around the town within an hour after the explosion, and all trains were closely watched to see that no one left. Orchard was released after his examination, but he could not leave. The authorities, not feeling assured by his story, finally ordered his rearrest. Orchard had begun to drink heavily for the first time since his arrival in Caldwell. On his person, when searched, was found a trunk check. The trunk was found at the baggage-room of the railroad depot. It had not been removed by Orchard since his arrival in town, though the hotel was only a half block from the depot. He had had access to the trunk on the day of the murder. Among his effects were found a revolver, a pair of brass knuckles, an electric flash lantern, a ladies' chatelaine bag, and a pair of nippers of the kind used in setting caps in giant-powder.

Orchard was formally charged with the murder. At his preliminary arraignment before Judge M. L. Church he was asked how soon he could secure counsel.

"If this is published in the papers," replied Orchard, "one lawyer, maybe two, will start for here at once."

"How long will it take for them to get here?" asked Judge Church.

"It will take about a day and a half from Spokane," answered Orchard. He was told that he might telegraph for counsel, but he did not. On the following day Orchard received a telegram signed "Robertson, Miller & Rosenhaupt," the Spokane law firm which had represented Paul Corcoran and others charged with the Coeur d'Alenes crimes of 1899, saying that Fred Miller of that firm would leave the next day for Caldwell. Miller left Spokane the next morning. On the train he read a Boise paper containing in sensational headlines Orchard's statement before Judge Church, and left the train at Walla Walla. He failed to report at Caldwell for several days, though he had told a friend while on the train between Spokane and Walla Walla that he was on his way to Caldwell. He afterward explained that he was ill and was compelled to leave the train.

Orchard was bound over to await the action of a grand jury. He was represented by Miller. He put in no defense. He treated the proceedings rather flippantly until the evidence disclosed the finding of the white powder and the plaster of Paris in his room. He was removed to the penitentiary at Boise. The jail at Caldwell is a small, calaboose affair.

On January 6, 1906, press despatches announced that President Charles H. Moyer of the Western Federation of Miners had given out a statement that an inquiry into the assassination of former Governor Steunenberg would be conducted by the Federation, to prepare themselves against any charges that might be brought against that organization.

On January 9, according to one of the Boise papers, William D. Haywood, secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, sent from Denver the following telegram, addressed to R. J. Hanlon, financial secretary of the Miners' Union at Silver City, Idaho, Haywood's former home:

"Press despatches indicate there is another conspiracy to connect the Western Federation of Miners with grave crimes. Several persons in Caldwell have been arrested in pursuance of the conspiracy. The Western Federation of Miners defends no member guilty of crime; but in the past it has found that every one of its members accused of crime was innocent, and they would have been victims of conspiracy had the organization not aided in defense. Have Mr. Nugent

visit. His meals were handed to him, but no word spoken to him. McParland made several visits before his object was accomplished. He is said to have appealed to the recollection of Orchard's boyhood and his early religious training. McParland himself is thoroughly familiar with the Bible. He is sixty-seven

next year, of Wesley J. Smith, another non-union shift-boss in the same mine, as well as the murder of Arthur L. Collins, manager; the murder of Superintendent McCormick and Foreman Beck of the Vindicator mine, of Victor, in 1903; in 1904, the blowing up of the railroad depot at Independence; and, in 1905, the wrecking of the power-house of the Colorado Springs Electric Company.

In Idaho, according to Orchard, only two men were marked for assassination — Steunenberg and Fred W. Bradley, president of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mining Company at the time the mill at Wardner was blown up in 1899. The story of the attempt on Bradley's life is striking: On the 17th of November, 1904, at twenty minutes to eight in the morning, Fred W. Bradley was leaving his house at 1404 Washington Street, corner of Leavenworth, San Francisco, when, as he placed his hand on the door-knob of the outer door leading to the street, and as he had partially opened the door, a terrific explosion took place. Bradley's first sensation was that the end of his cigar blazed up, as if it were a trick cigar, and then of a deafening explosion, throwing him violently to the ground and hurling upon him débris of all kinds. A moment later he experienced a lifting sensation, which threw him into the street. He was picked up, stunned and bleeding, and was placed in charge of a doctor. He recovered from his injuries.

The owner of the building, Walter H. Linforth, a San Francisco attorney, brought suit against the San Francisco Gas & Electric Company, claiming that the explosion was the result of a gas leak, and recovered heavy damages.

It now develops that, if Harry Orchard's confession be true, he was the man who caused the explosion, and that it was aimed at the life of Bradley, though Bradley himself is disinclined to believe that any one had designs on his life. Orchard said that for weeks he had shadowed the Bradley residence, and had noted that Bradley left at almost the same minute

every morning. So well was the setting of the bomb timed that he was only a block away at the moment of the explosion.

As a result of Orchard's confession, a month after McParland's arrival in Boise, Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone were arrested in Denver. J. L. Simpkins, jointly indicted with them, is still at large. Large rewards have been offered for his apprehension.

The excuse for the officers of the State of Idaho taking charge of the prosecution is, according to Governor Gooding's message to the Legislature, that Canyon County could not stand the expense involved, and "that evidence is not wanting to show that Mr. Steunenberg's death was in revenge . . . for his faithfulness to his trust as Governor." Governor Gooding characterized Orchard's confession as "almost unbelievable."

Moyer was arrested in a Burlington "sleeper" that lay in the Union Depot at Denver, about 8:45 in the evening. He was about to leave for the Black Hills in South Dakota, his former home, and, it is said, was armed. Haywood was arrested about 9:30 P. M., and Pettibone about 11:30. They were incarcerated for the night in the county jail at Denver. Neither knew that the others had been arrested until they were about to be taken to the train the following (Sunday) morning. The friends of the defendants say that Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone were taken from the jail about three o'clock in the morning and placed in rooms at a hotel near the depot, so as to avoid the service of any writ of habeas corpus on the Sheriff of Denver County. Such a writ might have been served on Sunday, or on any other day, or at any hour. The train that carried the defendants to Idaho was in charge of Adjutant-General Bulkeley Wells of the Colorado National Guard (a member of the Mine Owners' Association of Colorado), Colonel D. W. Strickland of General Wells's staff; R. D. Meldrum, A. C. Watson, and J. B. Fisher of the Pinkerton Agency, and Deputy

Warden James C. Mills, Jr., of the Idaho Penitentiary, the agent of the State of Idaho appointed to receive the defendants from the Colorado authorities. The train did not stop except for the purpose of taking water or coal, and was amply provisioned before leaving Denver.

This was the so-called "kidnapping" of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone.



THE "BULL PEN," WHERE A THOUSAND UNION MINERS WERE IMPRISONED

Five days after the blowing up of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mill at Wardner, General Merriam's troops appeared at the scene of the trouble. The miners had gone quietly back to work upon their return from Wardner, and when the soldiers arrived they were arrested as they left the mines. From Wardner, Gem, and Mullan union men were brought in batches, many of them in their wet mine clothes; and practically the whole male population of Burke was arrested. At first the men were herded in empty freight cars and an old warehouse. Then they were set to work to build at Kellogg, three miles from Wardner, a quadrangle of windowless shanties of rough planks. Into this "bull pen" were gathered, not only those union miners who were suspected of having been engaged in the punitive expedition against the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Company, but also the Sheriff and two County Commissioners of Shoshone County. A Justice of the peace who fined a non-union miner for annoying a woman on the streets of Gem was corralled; and Wilbur H. Stewart, editor of the Mullan "Mirror," was confined, and his newspaper plant confiscated, because he criticized the conduct of the soldiers. Into these rough shanties of the "bull pen" were gathered all the aggressive Western Federation members who had been in the Coeur d'Alenes; their imprisonment was part of the State's plan to break up the unions in Idaho. Their treatment was one of the causes for the bitterness of the miners' feeling against the mine owners and Governor Steunenberg

years old and has not been engaged in operative work for years. The confession which Orchard made to McParland covered not only the Steunenberg murder, but numerous other murders and acts of violence. It implicated the officers of the Western Federation.

The list of crimes which it is said that Orchard confessed to having a share in, and which the inner



BUNK-ROOM IN THE "BULL PEN," DUBBED BY THE MINERS "THE HELL HOLE"

When the "bull pen" was first erected it had no windows, the doors were locked at night, and there was no provision for ventilation. In one of the three long bunk-houses a double tier of bunks five feet wide, spaced off at six-foot intervals for the occupation of two men, was built on either side of a narrow aisle. While confined here many of the miners became ill; a number of them died; and at least one, Mike Johnson, became insane. It was some time before a proper drainage system was installed and ventilating cupolas added to the roof. At one time or another over a thousand men were confined in the "bull pen." On July 31, 1899, three months after the arrests were undertaken, General Merriam reported that there were 528 men still confined; 130 of these were married. Their nationality was divided as follows: 132 Americans, 99 Swedes, 63 Italians, 47 Finns, 43 Irish, and 144 other foreigners. At first the "bull pen" was guarded by colored soldiers whose conduct was, in many instances, overbearing; later they were displaced by white troops. To amuse themselves, the miners formed a military organization and, whittling out wooden guns, drilled in the enclosure formed by the three bunk-houses and the cook-house.

council of the Western Federation is supposed to have planned, includes: the blowing up of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mill in Idaho in 1899; the murder of Martin Gleason, manager of the Wild Horse mine of Cripple Creek, Colorado, in 1901; the murder, in 1901, of J. W. Barney, non-union shift-boss in the Smuggler-Union mine at Telluride, Colorado; the killing, the

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

COURTING JAPAN

THE idea, dismissed at Washington as equally silly and mischievous, of an approaching war between Japan and the United States, continues to disturb the European mind. The popular Parisian magazine, "Je Sais Tout," publishes a solemn discussion of the probabilities, illustrated by photographs of Japanese and American soldiers and diagrams of the resources of "these two giants of the modern world." It reaches the disquieting conclusion that if war should break out within the next two or three years the Japanese would wipe out the American fleet in the Pacific, take possession of the Philippines, land five or six divisions which would easily dispose of the troops on the Pacific Coast of the United States, and sweep the American merchant flag from the sea. Then, when our Atlantic fleet had made its painful way around Cape Horn, it would arrive, if it arrived at all before the end of the war, without coal or base of supplies, and would inevitably be dashed to destruction against the fleet of Japan. A pessimistic view, but, we are assured, "almost certainly exact."

The friendly critic has discovered that the situation would be changed in three years, because in that time the Panama Canal will be finished and guarded by impregnable fortifications, and the American fleet and army will be strengthened. But will Japan wait for us to do all this? Alas, no. Knowing that her hour has arrived, that all her measures have been taken, and that she is sure of victory, Japan will declare war. The prize of battle will be the Philippines, whose possession will make the Japanese the redoubtable masters of the Pacific.

With such ideas as this prevailing in Europe—and they are widespread—diplomatists feel that there is a certain delicacy in the question of the relations they are to cultivate with Japan. England went cheerfully into a full-blown alliance without stopping to think of its possible consequences, but that was before it had occurred to anybody that the necessity could ever arise of choosing between the friendship of Japan and that of the United States. Now France is anxious to have an understanding with Japan, but she has no desire to be dragged into any possible quarrel with America. She is negotiating a treaty designed to "add a new guarantee of the maintenance of peace in the Far East." During the Russo-Japanese War the French suddenly woke to the realization of the unpleasant fact that they held their Asiatic possessions simply on sufferance of Japan, which could pick them up whenever the idea might happen to strike her favorably. By the new treaty it is proposed to guarantee reciprocally the integrity of the French and Japanese dominions in the Far East.

This seems to be a purpose beyond criticism, but with the spectre of a Japanese-American war before their eyes the French feel that they must be cautious. "In approaching an agreement with Japan which would be profitable for our commercial and economic interests," remarks the "Gaulois," "we should avoid any cause susceptible of disturbing the United States and favoring a rapprochement between the United States and Germany." The apprehensions of trouble between Japan and the United States seem to be disturbing Europe much more than America. Nobody in this country is inclined to take offense at the French for safeguarding their interests by a friendly bargain with the Japanese, but, of course, it is only prudent on their part to avoid tying themselves up by engage-

EDITED BY
SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

CONTENTS

Courting Japan	23
A Problem of Empire	23
Idaho's Great Trial	23
Man's New Conquest	24
France Wants to Know	24
Hughes at Bay	27
Sailors in Trouble Again	27
Reciprocity in Massachusetts	27
Trade with the World	28
Judicial Handcuffs for Detroit	28

IDAHO'S GREAT TRIAL

ONE of the great State trials of American history began at Boise, Idaho, on May 9, when William D. Haywood, secretary and treasurer of the Western Federation of Miners, was arraigned for the murder of ex-Governor Frank Steunenberg. All the circumstances of the case were extraordinary. The crime was of peculiar atrocity, and Russian rather than American in its character. Mr. Steunenberg was killed by a bomb at his own gate, six years after he had ceased to have any active connection with the troubles that were assigned as the cause of his murder. Haywood and his co-defendants, Moyer and Pettibone, were not in Idaho when the crime was committed. They were connected with it by the confession of the alleged principal, and were brought from Colorado by a process described by their friends as a legal kidnaping.

But what gives this trial its chief significance is not the personalities of the actors in it, but the fact that hundreds of thousands of men and women, not only in the United States but all over the world, have worked themselves into the belief that it is not an ordinary criminal proceeding, but a pitched battle between capital and labor. They think that Haywood, Moyer, and Pettibone have been marked for destruction as a means of destroying the Western Federation of Miners, and that all the powers of government are being unscrupulously used to that end. This belief has been assiduously propagated through one of the most energetic missionary crusades of modern times, and through tireless appeals to the class spirit of working men the defendants in the case have been put in possession of a campaign fund that puts them on an equality with Thaw or any other millionaire who has had to fight for his life or liberty in the dock.

President Roosevelt's inadvertent reference to Moyer and Haywood as "undesirable citizens," which he subsequently defended and elaborated in his letter to Mr. Jaxon of Chicago, enraged the more radical followers of the prisoners, and demonstrations were organized to express the Socialistic opinion of him. In New York there was a procession on May 4, in which a number variously estimated at from twenty to seventy thousand men and women, wearing buttons inscribed: "We are undesirable citizens," marched under red flags to a hall where as many of them as could get in listened to inflammatory speeches denouncing the President. But the effort to array organized labor solidly against Mr. Roosevelt failed. A delegation of three members of the Central Federated Union of New York visited the White House to remonstrate with the President. It was cordially received, and the President showed the members a letter which he had written to the Attorney-General over a year before directing him to investigate the charge that Moyer and Haywood had been kidnaped, and to do everything in the power of the Federal authorities to assist in securing exact justice to both sides. In this he had said:

"So far as the unions are anxious only to see that exact justice is done these men, that they are given their full legal rights and not condemned unless proved guilty of this specific act, they are entitled to the cordial cooperation of all just and fair-minded citizens. So far as by any action or by murderous and treasonable language, such as that quoted above from Debs (and others), they tend to bring pressure to bear upon the State authorities and the courts to obstruct the course of justice and



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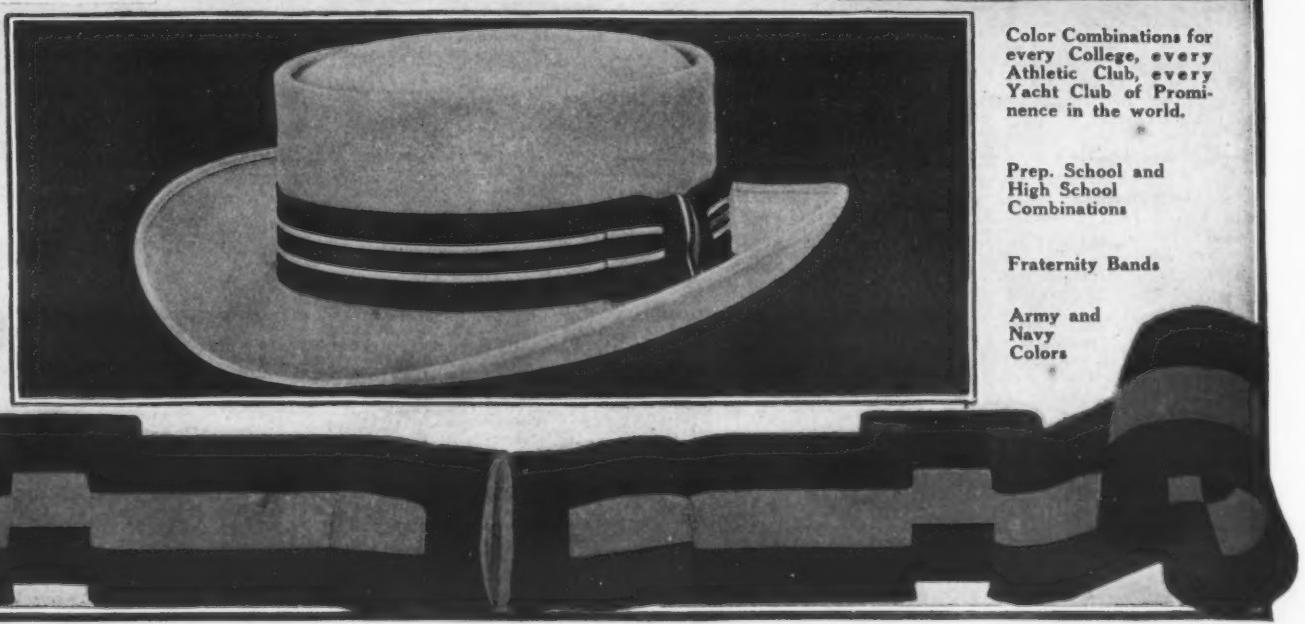
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tariff war. The small concessions which the President is authorized to make under Section 3 of the Dingley Act will be willingly granted to France if she will give such equivalents as Germany has given.



HUGHES AT BAY

A bipartisan coalition of public enemies endangering reforms in New York

WHILE Secretary Taft is fighting the machine of his own party in Ohio, the next most promising Republican Presidential candidate, Governor Hughes of New York, is fighting a corrupt combination of the machines of both parties. At first the Governor's enemies displayed a certain caution. They tried to hamper him by indirection and delay. But at last they threw off all disguise and boldly faced him in the open. One of the first issues had been drawn in the case of Otto Kelsey, whom the Governor had convicted out of his own mouth of gross incompetency and subserviency to the insurance companies whose firm restraint had been the purpose of the reform legislation. Kelsey could not be removed without a vote of the State Senate, and after staving off action for months the bipartisan gang in that body finally permitted the vote to be taken on May 2. The result was a "vindication" for Kelsey and a defeat for the Governor by 27 to 24, the majority including ten Republicans and seventeen Democrats, the minority two Democrats and twenty-two Republicans. Thus a body containing a Republican majority of thirteen was betrayed by a little group of corporation servants, led by the notorious Raines, into the hands of a minority of so-called Democrats, led by the equally notorious Grady and McCarron. Encouraged by this victory, the enemies of the Governor prepared to mutilate or defeat his Public Utilities bill, designed to enforce State control over franchise corporations. A tragic incident of this campaign was the death of Ernest Wilson Huffcut, Dean of the Cornell Law School and legal adviser of Governor Hughes. Dean Huffcut had drawn the Public Utilities bill, and the strain of that labor and of his anxiety for the fate of the measure in the Legislature had brought on insomnia and nervous collapse which led to his suicide on May 4.

SAILORS IN TROUBLE AGAIN

They maintain that they were "reasonably sober" when the Santiago police attacked them



AN unfortunate incident occurred at Santiago, Cuba, in the small hours of April 30. According to the first accounts it was an unprovoked attack by Cuban policemen, with revolvers and machetes, upon a party of unarmed and inoffensive American sailors. A number of seamen from the cruiser *Tacoma* had held an "orderly banquet" at a café. At one in the morning twelve of them went to another café "in a reasonably sober condition." An hour later they started for the wharf on their way back to the ship when they were charged by seven or eight policemen under a captain. They resisted with their fists, and practically all of them were taken to the hospital suffering from bullet or machete wounds. The police captain and his men were all suspended pending investigation. The Cuban papers gave a different version of the story. They said that instead of being "reasonably sober" the American sailors were in "an intoxicated condition creating a scandal," that they assaulted the police captain when he remonstrated with them, and that after the guards had driven them to the wharf by using clubs and firing shots in the air, they secured a stock of clubs themselves and charged the police, finally retreating with a parting shower of bottles. They add that in one block the police found two iron bars, a knife, a wooden bar, and two seamen's hats. Some of the discrepancies are upon matters of fact upon which truthful witnesses ought to be able to agree. The distinction between "reasonable sobriety" and "an intoxicated condition creating a scandal" is, of course, a matter of opinion.



RECIPROCITY IN MASSACHUSETTS

Better trade relations, especially with Canada, to be a political issue

M. HENRY M. WHITNEY has undertaken to make reciprocity with Canada and the improvement of trade relations with other countries the issue of the next campaign in Massachusetts. Ex-Governor Douglas having declined to enter the field, Mr. Whitney announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for Governor and issued a statement expounding his views. The purpose of his candidacy, he explained, was to secure an expression of popular opinion amounting to a referendum vote upon the policies he favored. He recalled the fact that for years he had been making the fight for reciprocity with Canada along business lines, and that by taking this issue, together with that of a reasonable revision of the tariff, into politics in 1905 he came within two thousand votes of being elected Lieutenant-Governor. This seemed to make him the logical candidate at the next election. Mr. Whitney described himself as a business man, not a politician, and said that he was going into politics only because that was the only way to advance the economic and commercial policies he had at heart. He added:

"While I am a candidate for the Democratic nomination I shall make my appeal to all who believe with me that close commercial relations with Canada and with other countries, by way of reciprocity or otherwise, are of great importance to the

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Kenwee is a new Corliss-Coon style that looks well, fits well, wears well.

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Whether you want to build your own home, or get it built, or start in this profitable business as a contractor or builder, don't fail to write to me at once and let me write you personally, as President of this Company, what a liberal proposition I will make you, and all about Concrete and the Concrete Business. All you need is sand, water and cement. No experience needed. Build your own home this way. Or quickly establish a very profitable business. Because the increasing demand for Miracle Double-Staggered Air Space Building Blocks is fast exceeding the supply.

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These cards are manufactured on our premises and we guarantee the workmanship equal to your copy, and shipment in about Ten Days, Hand Colored—Twenty Days. Remember that we make these cards to your order, which insures you the exclusive use of them. THE RICH PHOTO-PROCESS CO. Dept. 44 28 East 23d Street, NEW YORK

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No Money Down

Not a penny to pay until you receive the clothes and find them satisfactory.

Then Pay \$1 a Week

We ask for no security and no references. We trust any worthy person anywhere in the United States.

This is the most liberal clothing offer ever made. No matter where you live you can buy high grade clothing by mail direct from our factory at lowest cash store prices.

Suits, Topcoats \$15 and Raincoats \$18

We are able to offer these good clothes on such easy payment terms because we are twice over the largest Credit Clothiers in the world. We operate 72 stores in the principal Cities and have over 300,000 customers on our books.

Free Samples and Price List
Samples of Nobly Spring Materials, price list and Measurement blank mailed free. Send today.

Commercial rating \$1,000,000

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are the best that can be produced. Cardboard is Crane's (none better), style is latest, most skillful help employed, and work is not too costly—all done according to highest art. The 50 cards, with name in script (one line), engraved on back by hand, and sold for \$1, are same grade as often cost from \$1.50 to \$2.50. And it's the same with Wedding Invitations, Marriage Announcements, and Monogram Dies. Those interested may have samples. Everything in Engraving

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At Mountain or Shore
you'll find "B. & K." STRAW HATS crowning the heads of the most discriminating dressers.

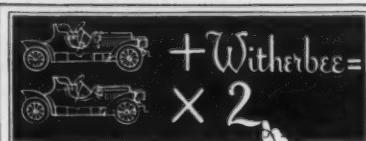
"B. & K." Straws

are the lightest, coolest, classiest and most comfortable Straw Hats ever fashioned. Ask your dealer for "The Straw Without a Flaw."



You'll find this die
in crown of Hat.
Exclusive Signs.

FREE Sixteen page Booklet G, illustrating and describing the straws of '07, sent on request.
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Perfect ignition subtracts the majority of the automobile's troubles. Perfect ignition gives better speed, less wear and tear, and a smoother running car.

THE WITHERBEE BATTERY makes the purchase price of your automobile an investment, and by lengthening the life of your car, spreads it over a much longer term of usefulness. Imperfect ignition runs a car quicker than any other trouble. It racks the engine frightfully; it impairs the working of all the delicately adjusted parts of the entire car and adds fully 75 per cent to the cost of repair.

THE WITHERBEE BATTERY provides the only perfect ignition. It will make a \$2,000 car give more actual road value than many an \$8,000 car which has imperfect ignition.

A Car is No Better Than Its Ignition

There are some things about ignition which you should know in order to get greater speed, greater safety, greater value out of your car; drop us a line requesting No. 6 and we will send you a little booklet which will be of inestimable value to you; it's free.

WITHERBEE IGNITER COMPANY
Main Office, 541 West 43d St. NEW YORK CITY
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Three Sizes of the

Film Premo

No. 1

3½ x 4½, \$10.00; 3½ x 5½, \$12.50;
4 x 5, \$12.50.

They can all be held on one hand.

They are the lightest, most compact cameras in the world. Each is loaded in daylight with the Premo Film Pack—A door is opened, the pack dropped in place—the door closed and all is ready.

Film Premo No. 1 shutters are automatic—lenses, rapid rectilinear of exceptional quality. Examining these cameras at the dealer's, or get our descriptive catalogue.

We'll mail it to you free, on request.

Rochester Optical Co., 50 South St., Rochester, N.Y.

future prosperity of this commonwealth. . . . I therefore hope to receive in my campaign the support of all whose ideas are in agreement with mine, of whatever party affiliation.

Mr. Whitney's candidacy has been favorably received by many of the Democratic leaders, although the Hearst element in the party looks upon it coldly. District Attorney Moran has not welcomed it with effusion, and Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston remarks that "efforts to saddle candidates upon the State Convention are very inopportune at this time." The Republican party is at a disadvantage in the proposed campaign, because it can not oppose Canadian reciprocity, which is favored by the majority of its members, while at the same time it can not defend itself against the charge of having done nothing to advance the cause.

TRADE WITH THE WORLD

North America is the only part whose commerce is controlled by the United States



THE trade returns published by the Bureau of Statistics show that there are six countries—Canada, Mexico, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Santo Domingo—which buy more goods from the United States than from all the rest of the world combined. There are five countries—Mexico, Nicaragua, Cuba, Santo Domingo, and Colombia—which sell more to us than to all the rest of the world. The figures bring out very clearly the dominant position of the United States in the trade of North America and the Caribbean as contrasted with its very moderate share of the commerce of other regions. We have 59.59 per cent of the imports and 30.41 per cent of the exports of Canada, 65.99 per cent of the imports and 68.6 per cent of the exports of Mexico, 73.7 per cent of the imports of Honduras (exports not specified), 52.09 per cent of the imports and 53.21 per cent of the exports of Nicaragua, 51.65 per cent of the imports and 47.14 per cent of the exports of Costa Rica, 39.55 per cent of the imports and 34.9 per cent of the exports of Guatemala, 31.18 per cent of the imports and 21.72 per cent of the exports of Salvador, 45.34 per cent of the imports and 86.53 per cent of the exports of Cuba, 71.65 per cent of the imports and 65.16 per cent of the exports of Santo Domingo, and 34.15 per cent of the imports and 54.01 per cent of the exports of Colombia. On the other hand Brazil buys only 10.33 per cent of her imports from us, although she sells us 41 per cent of her exports, Argentina buys 14.1 per cent and Chile 9.92 per cent. In Europe the United Kingdom, with 20.45, is the only country that takes as much as 20 per cent of its imports from us, and Switzerland, with 12.9, is the only country that sells us as much as 12 per cent of its exports. We have little over one-tenth of the total trade of France. Even with the obstacle of obstructive, and, in the case of Canada, discriminatively hostile, tariffs, North America is becoming more and more a single commercial unity, with relatively unimportant trade relations with the rest of the world.



JUDICIAL HANDCUFFS FOR DETROIT

The Supreme Court of Michigan refuses to allow the city to lay car tracks

ONE of the principal functions of a State Supreme Court nowadays seems to be to keep the people of cities from doing things for themselves. The Illinois Supreme Court has decided that Chicago can not issue certificates for the purchase of street railroads, the Ohio Supreme Court is engaged in an unending struggle to keep the people of Cleveland from getting three-cent fares, and now the Michigan Supreme Court has ruled that Detroit can not lay street-car tracks to be leased to an operating company. The Department of Public Works had arranged to begin work in this line on several streets. The usual injunction was sought and obtained in the Wayne County Circuit Court, which took the ground that the city had no right to go into such an enterprise. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court, and on May 1 five Justices, forming a bare majority of that tribunal, voted to sustain the lower court's decision. The number of things a city can not do, according to the judicial standards prevailing in many States, is equaled only by the number a corporation can do.

Michigan had a disastrous experience in the middle of the last century with subsidized internal improvements undertaken without knowledge or business sense, and so she incorporated in her constitution a provision forbidding the use of public money, State or local, in aid of such enterprises. The counsel for the city of Detroit argued that building a street-car track was merely providing a safe highway for a modern vehicle, and therefore was as legitimate as laying planks on a road or paving a street, but the majority opinion of the Supreme Court held that a street railway was "a work of internal improvement" within the meaning of the Constitution, and hence could not be built by the city. Thus, as the Detroit "Free Press" remarks, "the city can pay men to excavate for a street-railway track, buy cement and construct a concrete foundation for such track and lay burnt-clay or asphalt or even steel-plate pavement above it without any serious fracture of the Constitution, but if it should invest in eighty or ninety pounds of steel rails per yard and two or three ties, the action suddenly becomes a grave infringement of the organic law." The decision interferes merely with the construction of some small connecting links of road. The general transportation question in Detroit is still in a state of suspense, pending the expiration of the existing franchises. The city administration insists upon a pledge of three-cent fares before consenting to any renewals.



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It will astonish you what a benefit it is to deal direct with us, the wholesale makers, and mind.

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It's the greatest offer ever made. A big line also of higher, and lower priced materials in plain blacks and fancy weaves.

Samples, Spring 1907 Fashion Guide, tape-line, measurement chart, all entirely FREE. Better write for samples right now, while it's fresh in your mind. Don't delay. Address

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Market and Van Buren Sts. Dept. 82 CHICAGO

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Place yourself at once in direct communication with the wholesale maker. You can hardly realize the great saving it means to you. \$12.00 does the service of \$20.00. These Blue and Gray Worsted Weaves are all tailored in the approved new spring models for men's wear. Lined with guaranteed silk lining. French serge and your suit is made to fit you. The broadest, legal guarantee of money back if not absolutely satisfied. The cloth is exceptionally good, the tailoring so exquisitely done that you can't tell it from a \$20.00 suit, and \$12.00 is all we ask for it.

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Our vehicles and harness have been sold direct from our factory to user for a third of a century.

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We Are The Largest Manufacturers In The World

selling to the consumer exclusively. We make 200 styles of Vehicles, 65 styles of Harness. Send for large, free catalogue.

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No. 314. Light Canopy Top Buggy with Bike Style Seat, Bike Gear and 1½ in. Guaranteed Rubber Tires. Price complete, \$65.00. As good as sells for \$95.00 to \$100.00 more.

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20% annual increase in value. Written guarantees of quality and value. Catalogues free. Write for it today. Do it now.

25 IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

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The supremacy of Borden's products is due to 50 years' scientific education of dairymen and employees with a fixed purpose to supply only the BEST. Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk fill every milk or cream requirement.—Adv.



Sent on Free Trial to Prove That
You Can Build the Finest Furni-
ture. Save Over Half the Cost

It will take you about ten minutes with a hammer and screw-driver to fit this artistic Dutch Table together—in accordance with the simple, complete and explicit instructions which we send you in the crate containing the various parts.

Then you have a pleasant evening's entertainment in finishing this most attractive piece of furniture with the prepared materials which we also send you free of charge.

And the total cost to you is only \$9.75. A table not nearly so good as this one you build yourself would cost you at least \$20.00 at a retailer's.

And no mere factory-machine-made furniture can equal this perfect type of "Home-Craft."

Home Craft Furniture

BECAUSE factory furniture lacks the "made-it-yourself" sentiment as well as the careful, intelligent workmanship that the owner puts into a piece of furniture, and in factory furniture, poor quality and imperfections in material are easily hidden and style is sacrificed to make the parts easy for hurried, careless assembling.

The "Home-Craft" idea is novel—yet proved thoroughly practical.

"Home-Craft" designs are exclusive—"Home-Craft" Furniture is individual. It is appreciated for its attractiveness—its purity of design—its perfect construction and the honest materials from which it is made. It is thoroughly in keeping with modern ideas.

It is simple and serviceable. Compare "Home-Craft" Furniture with any of the very high-priced "Arts and Crafts" makes.

You will find "Home-Craft" the peer of any of them. Then note the won-

derful saving you make through the "Home-Craft" way. You save the cost of assembling the parts and the finishing—the most costly part of furniture making. You save all storage charges and you save the dealer's profits of from 33½ to 50 per cent because we sell directly.

We do all the hard work of cutting, dressing and fitting the various parts which enter into the many different pieces of "Home-Craft" Furniture.

We send you every particle of material required. You do the pleasant part of the work—you simply fit the parts together and finish the wood to your own fancy. You cannot make a mistake for everything fits only one way—the right way.

We show our absolute confidence in our plan and in your ability to carry out your part by agreeing that a trial shall be absolutely free of expense to you if you are not perfectly satisfied in every way.

Could we make a fairer offer than this?

Our Beautiful Catalog is boundifully and beautifully illustrated. It fully explains the "Home-Craft" Idea. We will send you a copy, postpaid, for 6 cents in stamp to cover mailing expense. Send for your copy NOW.

THE HOME-CRAFT COMPANY

211 Grand Ave., Station A, Milwaukee, Wis.

References: Dun's, Bradstreet's,
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Sold Quarter-Sawed
Oak, 20 in. wide, 10
in. deep, 36 in. high. Price, set up and
finished, \$22.50.



DINING CHAIR. Solid Quarter-Sawed Oak, \$5. Complete.
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Price, set up and finished, \$7.50 each.

SOLD QUARTER-SAWED OAK, 20 IN. WIDE, 10 IN. DEEP, 36 IN. HIGH. PRICES, SET UP AND FINISHED, \$22.50 EACH.

As Delicate as a Rainbow

As the color of the rainbow is beyond the magic of the brush, so is it beyond the power of words to express the sweet, elusive charm of

NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS

the most delightsome of all dessert confections.

Each varying flavor beckons on the appetite, and gratifies the sense of harmony when served with fruit or ices as the climax of the feast.

In ten and twenty-five cent tins.

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or more names of persons who may want to buy a HEATING PLANT and we will send you this scale. Back inches are divided into 6, 10, 12, 16, 20 and 40 parts.

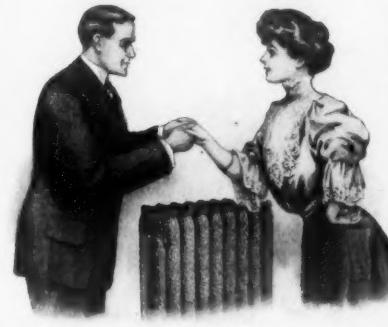


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"Man builds the house—woman makes the home." Yet the best woman in the world can't make a comfortable home in a half-heated house. Married life is surely made ever charming if the wife is freed from ashes, dust, grime and care of stoves, grates or hot air furnace; and the husband freed from their ills and bills.



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for Low Pressure Steam and Hot Water Heating offer the only means of reliably warming the cottage, mansion, store, school, church, etc., with least caretaking. There is no way for dust, ashes or coal-gases to rise to the rooms above. IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators keep the temperature uniform and save enough in coal and labor to pay for the outfit. As easily put in old buildings as in new-city or country. IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators never wear out, hence are perpetual home makers—an investment, not an expense.

ADVANTAGE 5: A leading time-tested feature of IDEAL Boilers is the nipple used to connect the water heating sections. These nipples make joints as tight as a ground glass stopper in a ground glass bottle—the longer used the tighter they become. No complaint has ever come to us from the many thousands annually sold.

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DEPT. 31

CHICAGO

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Pay Us for It while it Saves for You



30 Days' FREE Trial

IF Wash Day is a horror—if washwomen are hard to get—and a nuisance when you get them—if your servants won't do the washing—nor have a washwoman 'round—and laundry ruin all your clothes—still do not be discouraged, for there is yet a way of escape.

The "1900 Self-Working Washer" works itself and pays for itself.

Water pressure, or an electric light current, will do a big week's wash with this washer, at a cost of from 2 to 4 cents for the work.

All you have to do is turn the water faucet or the electric key.

The washer starts working at once and does every bit of the hard work.

You don't have to tend this washer.

It doesn't need anything but more washing.

It works itself.

When a tubful of clothes is washed, a twist of your fingers switches the power to the motor, turning it out without anyone touching a wringer crank.

All the work there is for you is turning a water faucet, an electric key, or a wringer switch, to turn the power on or off, or switch it to the wringer.

Only a twist of your fingers.

The power does all the rest.

The "Self-Working Washer" is as great an innovation to washing as automobiles are to locomotion—making mechanical power do the work human or animal force had to do before.

And this "1900 Self-Working Washer" won't wear out your clothes, nor tear them, rip seams, nor break nor tear out buttons.

Things ruined and torn are unknown with the "1900 Self-Working Washer."

Anything—from carpets to daintiest lace—can be washed spotlessly clean—not a thread broken, with the "1900 Self-Working Washer."

This is the only practical self-working washer ever invented.

And it will save you its cost many times over.

Your table and bed linen, undergarments and other washables will last twice as long when washed this way.

Don't believe this. Prove it. And—at our expense.

We will let you test a "1900 Self-Working Washer" full month, entirely at our risk.

We will send one to any responsible party and pay the freight. Send us no money unless you decide to keep it, to keep it.

Use it a month. Do four big washings with it.

And, then—if it isn't all we claim—if you don't find you can't afford to be without it—ship it back at our expense. Pay nothing. The trial is FREE.

If you keep it, as you will surely want to, when you see for yourself what it will do—it will save its own cost, and you can save as much as you wish, out of what it saves for you. Pay no part each week—or each month—until the washer is paid for.

Ask today for our big new Self-Working Washer Book. We send it postpaid by return mail on receipt of your request, and it tells how a "1900 Self-Working Washer" saves you money and helps your household to run smoothly.

Write us at once. Address—1900 Washer Co., 3037 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y. Or if you live in Canada, write my Canadian Branch, 356 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario.

Ask also for our 72-Page Book

about Heating by Hot Water. It tells how

"We do it Right in 44 States, Canada and Alaska."

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\$5 PER 100, FREIGHT PAID
Apple, Pear, Plum, Cherry, Peach and Carolina Pears, healthy, true to name and fumigated. All kinds of trees and plants at low wholesale prices. Remember we beat all other reliable Nurseries in quality and price. Catalogue free.

Reliance Nursery, Box W, Geneva, N. Y.

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Adler's Collegian Clothes



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Our style book will post you on fashions and values. **Sent Free.**
David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.
NOBBY CLOTHES MAKERS
MILWAUKEE

Are the garments for collegemen and all the other good dressers who appreciate the kind of dash and style that have made **Collegian Clothes** world famous. There are no other clothes with so much character to them—there are no other clothes so becoming to young men. You ought to wear such clothes as these, especially when the cost is no more than the common-place sort.

PRICES
suits and overcoats
\$12.50 to \$30.00
at most first-class stores.

See that the Collegian Label is on your clothes. Look twice. There are some imitations.



That's what counts

*Brand Names Mean Something
But the "Triangle A" Means More!*

YOU'VE heard smokers speak of "finding" a good cigar—usually they consider it a real discovery—rare good luck. That's because cigar-buying has always been such a game of chance—a "lucky-if-you-win" proposition.

You've often been puzzled to know what cigar to ask for, which cigar to choose—haven't you? Nowadays there's a way of knowing good cigars before you buy—*every time*.

We have made it possible simply by stamping the "Triangle A" merit mark on the boxes of the best cigars made. The "Triangle A" marks brands of different names so you can ask by *name* for what you find best suits your taste. But

The "Triangle A" on the box is what counts

It distinguishes the *best brands* of cigars, all of them the product of our modern methods of cigar making; all of them benefit by our new scientific processes of refining and blending tobacco, which have brought such a noticeable improvement in cigar quality.

As representative "Triangle A" brands we mention

The New Cremo	Tarita	Royal Bengals
Anna Held	Stickney's New Tariff	(Little Cigars, 10 for 15c.)
George W. Childs	Continental	
(Cabinets)	(10c. and 4 for 25c.)	The Unico
Buck	Chancellor	Benefactor
Spanaflora	{ 10c.	Palma de Cuba

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Department A
AMERICAN CIGAR COMPANY
Manufacturer
111 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK



A good 24 candle-power Kerosene Lamp will burn a 12-cent gallon of Kerosene in five nights, if lighted four hours a night.

That would make it cost three-fifths of a cent per hour, or \$8.76 a year, for Kerosene alone, to say nothing of broken lamps, chimneys, new wicks and the everlasting labor and risk of cleaning them.

A 24 candle-power Acetylene Light will cost you a third less than that—or two-fifths of a cent per hour.

Tell me how many rooms there are in your house or hotel, or how large your store, and I'll tell you how much it would cost to install a Generator, Piping, Brass Gasoliers, Jets and Globes, complete to light with that safest, clearest, whitest, cleanest, coolest, and most beautiful of all Reading Lights—Acetylene Gas.

Just address me as "Acetylene H. Jones," 154 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

BULLETIN EXTRA!

The Perfect Typewriter. It Has Come at Last!

The climax of typewriter invention—the **perfect typewriter** for whose coming the commercial world has long been watching—has at last been reached in the wonderful new machine known as Oliver No. 5.

The first news of the new Oliver was conveyed by telegraph to the thousands of representatives of The Oliver Typewriter Company in the following message:

"New Model Oliver No. 5 placed on the market today. A tremendous success. Perfect in principle, flawless in construction, splendidly efficient in operation. The world will never know its equal."

So closely was the news of the coming wonder guarded that not even the Oliver salesmen throughout the world were aware that a new model was being brought out until they received this laconic message. The typewriter world was taken completely by surprise.

But makers of old-style machines should have grown accustomed to that, for the Oliver has been a continual surprise during the whole ten years of its existence.

The **Oliver principle**—combining the very extreme of simplicity with amazing efficiency—was the first surprise. That principle has revolutionized the typewriter industry and left the Typewriter Trust with all its millions of capital stranded high and dry on the rocks of Competition.

The **Oliver spirit**—typical of Chicago's pluck and enterprise, which has carried the "Little Giant of the Typewriter World" triumphantly through years of stress and struggle to immeasurable success—was the next great surprise.

The **Oliver sales**—which today far exceed those of any other machine—have been another surprise.

And now, with a name and fame reaching beyond the boundaries of the Western continent—extending to every civilized country on the globe—has come the crowning surprise in the form of the perfect typewriter, Oliver No. 5, King of Typewriters.

New Oliver Typewriter Building

Magnificent Fireproof Structure in the Heart of Chicago,
for the Exclusive Use of Oliver General Offices.

THE WORLD'S MODEL OFFICE BUILDING.

On the first of May The Oliver Typewriter Company took possession of its magnificent new office building, 47-55 Dearborn Street, at Randolph, Chicago.

The growth of this great enterprise has few parallels even in that city of Aladdin-like successes. Ten years ago, two small rooms were amply sufficient for its needs. Today, with its vast works at Woodstock, its own office building, its scores of branch offices in different sections of the United States and in various countries of the Old World, and its army of employees numbering many thousands, it occupies a dominant position in the typewriter business.

Extra Men Wanted

Oliver Sales Force must be increased at once to take care of new business. Unprecedented demand for the new machine makes immediate addition to the Oliver Sales Force imperative. This condition gives an opportunity for ambitious young men to get into the typewriter business. Good salaries, permanent positions and steady advancement assured to competent men. A course in THE OLIVER SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SALESMANSHIP FREE. Only practical school of its kind in the world. File applications at once. Give references. Send for free book, "THE RISE OF THE LOCAL AGENT."

OLIVER

New Model No. 5 Tremendous Success!



OLIVER NO. 5

A Nugget of Gold from the Mine of Experience

Wonderful New Model Oliver No. 5 is First to Reach the Goal of Typewriter Perfection.

Not by chance did this signal honor fall to the Oliver. The perfect Typewriter—the invincible Oliver No. 5—is the result of inventive genius of the highest order, coupled with an unyielding determination to win, which swept aside all obstacles to the attainment of the desired goal.

Oliver No. 5 is a dream come true—the dream of Thomas Oliver, crystallized into this wonderful mechanism of shining steel that embodies every possible requirement of a perfect writing machine.

It marks a new epoch in the typewriter industry.

The New Oliver is a veritable whirlwind for speed, capable of reeling off an incredible amount of perfect work in a given time with the expenditure of the very minimum of operative effort.

It responds to the touch like a thing of life.

The scope of the typewriter's usefulness has been wonderfully widened by the many unique features found only on the New Oliver No. 5.

It is impossible in the limited space of this announcement to adequately describe the new machine. A brief summary of its commanding advantages must suffice.

The Oliver Disappearing Indicator

This ingenious little device indicates the exact printing point. Disappears when type strikes—back again before next stroke. Adds the finishing touch of perfection to the Oliver's visible writing feature.

The Oliver Balance-Shift Mechanism

Oliver shift keys are operated 50 per cent. easier than shift keys of other machines. Entire weight of carriage is sustained by the axis on which it swings. Slightest depression of shift key brings carriage into correct position for writing capitals or figures.

The Oliver Vertical and Horizontal Ruling Device

The only Ruling Device on any typewriter. It makes the Oliver No. 5 a perfect Billing and Invoicing Machine.

The Oliver Non-Vibrating Base

The new Oliver is armor-clad. Its cast steel coat-of-mail serves the double purpose of a Non-Vibrating Base and a Dust-Proof Case for the interior mechanism.

The Oliver Celluloid Key Tops

Bringing resiliency and easy touch.

The Oliver Double Release

Release Key on each side of carriage, within easy reach of either hand.

Oliver Automatic Paper Feed

This simple device permits the use of any desired width of paper. It guarantees the same accurate register afforded by a printing press.

All Typewriter Essentials Centered in Model 5

Visible Writing, Perfect Alignment, Speed, Durability, Versatility, Efficiency—all these and more constitute the unique advantages of Oliver No. 5.

The world moves, and office equipment must keep pace with its requirements. The Oliver Typewriter enjoys a wider popularity and a greater sale than any other typewriter, because it has more than kept abreast of the needs of the business world.



VIEW OF THE MAMMOTH OLIVER TYPEWRITER WORKS AT WOODSTOCK, ILL., THE GREATEST TYPEWRITER PLANT IN THE WORLD

The Oliver Typewriter Co., 67 Dearborn St., Chicago Branches Everywhere

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UNDERSHIRTS
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KNEE LENGTH
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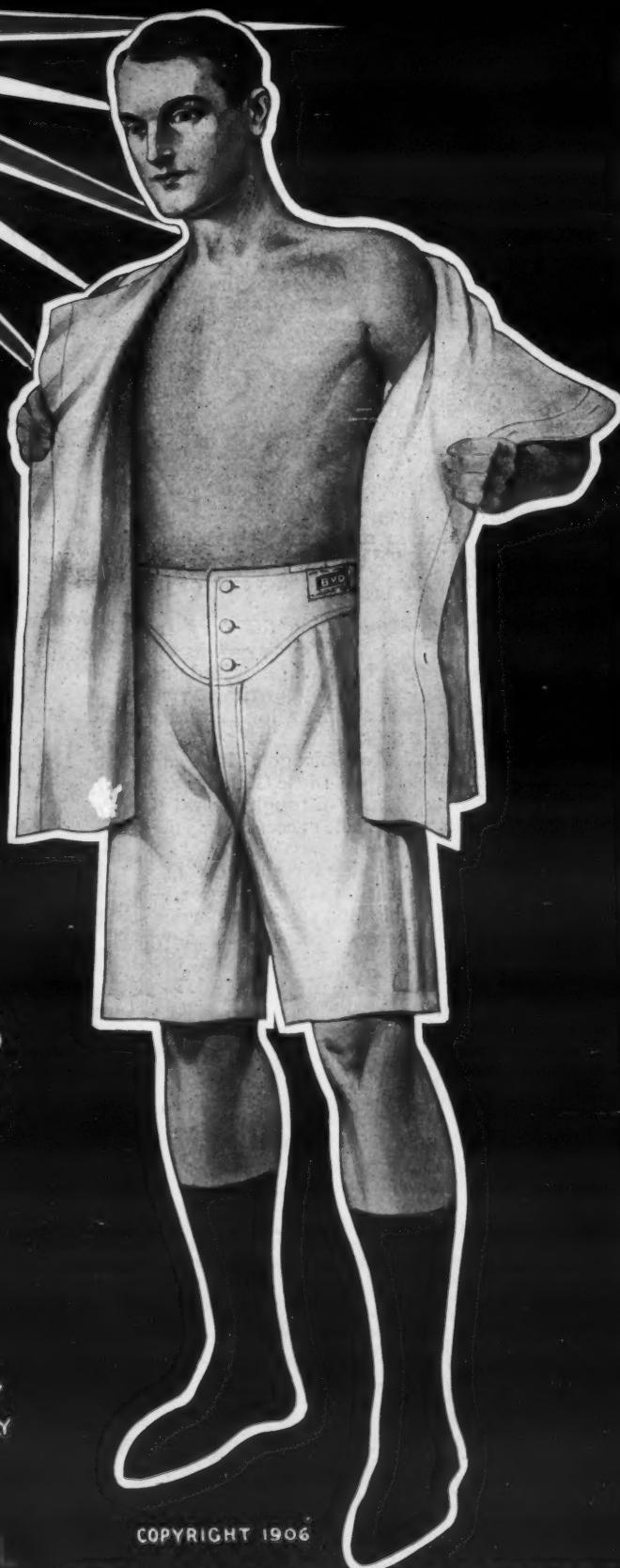
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